

# COUNTRY LIFE

## I ILLUSTRATED.

**THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.**

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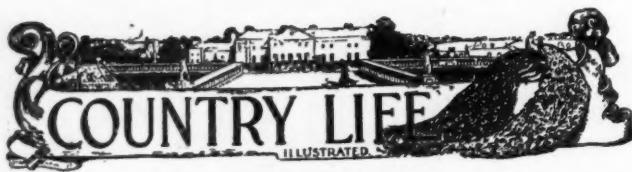
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THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY.



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ILLUSTRATED.  
THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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## LAND-OWNING . . . AS A PROFESSION.

**G**RUMBLIES at the absentee landlord have become a regular part of the autumn correspondence in the papers, suggested by the difficulty of hiring labour for harvest. We have not the slightest wish to discuss the question whether landlords ought to live upon their own property. The utter futility of doing so must be clear to everyone who knows the facts, and to most sensible people to whom the business of owning land is not familiar. The phrase "absentee landlord" is itself misleading. It suggests a class who in some way shirk their duties. If, as was perhaps the case in Ireland, and was true of France, the owners as a body leave their lands by choice to live in the capital, it might be profitable, and would be natural, to ask whether they are acting wisely in their own interests, or kindly in those of others. Absenteeism of that kind simply does not exist in England. The social bias is all the other way. It is as useless as it is silly to preach about the duty of landowners to live on their property, when we see nearly every man who inherits or acquires a fortune in this country eager to buy residential land, and to spend as much time as health or business will allow in the enjoyment of a country home.

What then is the reason why those who have not purchased, but inherited, land—inheritance of land seems to awaken a peculiar spirit of criticism and hostility, which its purchase does not—do not live on their properties? The sole reason is the

pecuniary position of individuals, about which it is impossible to generalise, and of which they themselves are the only judges. Their position is summed up in a letter in last week's *Times* by Sir Herewald Wake. Keeping up a house, however modestly, requires an irreducible minimum of cash expenditure, not on living, but on the actual maintenance and repair of the house, garden, and buildings. In order to keep a roof over his head, and to prevent the waste of capital value caused by dilapidation in house, grounds, and plant, the individual must spend this necessary sum, as one large owner tersely expressed it, "before his horses or his household can begin to eat." He often finds, to his intense chagrin, that the margin left is not enough to keep himself and educate his family, and concludes that the only honourable course is to let the place and go. In any case, the rent will pay for repairs and maintenance, and his successor will inherit the benefit of his self-sacrifice.

It is with the successors of the present owners, the necessary inheritors of entailed properties—our future landowners by circumstances, and not by choice—that the question of absenteeism will have to be considered. Their case is different to that of their fathers. Their opportunities will be greater, because they will start, to use the commercial phrase, "on bed rock"; they will not have had the fall in prices sprung on them as it was on their predecessors; they will have no illusions as to the value of land or its risks and burdens; even the crushing burden of the death duties—which Sir Herewald Wake bitterly declares "force a man to turn his mother and sisters out of doors"—will have been to some extent discounted. We speak now of the limited but important class who will succeed to land in quantity large enough to yield a living income, or which ought to yield an income large enough to enable the owner to occupy his own house, and to make it his business to see that his land does produce that income; in other words, of a man who will inherit sufficient land to make it worth his while to take up land management as a profession. That, though the natural view of the position, is, we venture to think, one which, except among a very few landed families, was not recognised before the late bad times. A young man qualified carefully for the position which the ownership of land conferred, but he did not learn, while qualifying for the social side, the business which had to support it. Land was looked upon as if it were money in Consols. The interest was supposed to come in return for the trouble of letting an agent collect the rent. The capital was deemed so productive that from every acre two profits were to be made, the owner's and the tenant's. It may be made again. But if there is only to be one profit, the future owners will probably prefer that that profit should go into their own pockets. Their fathers, however much they might desire this, were unable to effect it, because, as a rule, they had never learned the elements of farming; consequently, they could not even act as their own agents, for they did not know how to control or check their tenants. If they did, they began as amateurs, and paid extravagantly for experience. No one ever dreamt of what this generation has actually seen—a superfluity of available land, and, in countries like ours lavishly equipped with ocean transport, a glut of meat and corn.

Yet, taking matters as they are, the social position of the resident landlord is still unique, and sensibly used, his land, his woods, and his home can, will, and ought to give him a good and satisfactory life. Only—and this is the one thing necessary—he must learn when young how to manage his business, and to master its details with as much industry as if he were going to manage a factory or run a general store. The difficulty in the way is, that as the demand for this kind of training is only recent it is not organised. Even learning from an agent as a pupil is not like learning from an owner, and practical farmers successful in a large way of business, have, as a rule, neither the time nor the wish to teach, though there are some notable exceptions. In any case, the ultimate sphere of work will be on the future landlord's own property. Consequently, he can form a clear idea of the kind of knowledge, the special branches of agriculture or stock-breeding, most necessary to possess. If he has ordinary good sense he will be able to qualify for this, and will have every chance of picking up all the necessary knowledge of local business and business men which previous connection gives. He will also have the enormous advantage of a general education, which the ordinary farmer has not. What this means in the long run, and the enormous indirect advantage it confers, can best be seen on such properties as the more far-sighted landowners, who did learn their business early, while not neglecting the ordinary education of a gentleman, are now farming, and comparing them with the average standard round them. Such properties are often seen to be not only productive of raw material, but, practically, factories turning out a dozen high-class finished commodities, from sterilised milk for South Africa to cattle or sheep suited to meet the last demand from the Argentine. What is most needed just now is the thoroughly reliable coach for the future landowners. Agricultural colleges will do something. There is, too, an immense fund of practical information in books on every subject connected with

land, which the educated man can use to his profit, though the so-called practical farmer cannot. But, as in manufacture a general training is not thought complete until experience has been gained in another business than that which a son will ultimately manage, so in the land-owning business seeing how other estates are worked is very desirable, and needs some organisation.

And when the business is learned, will the owner of a moderate estate be able to live on it? He ought to be able to do so, and to live well, and, above all, to do that which is now found most difficult, viz., keep up a creditable house. The wages bill will not decrease; but except this cash item, and the grocer's bill, nearly every item of food for the establishment—all hay, straw, and fodder, beer or cyder, and often a considerable part of the household fuel—will be produced by a very small fraction even of a modest estate. We commend to the owners of ordinary country houses a study of the yield of produce of so small an area as fifty acres well farmed, in meat, flour, butter, eggs, poultry, fruit, straw, hay, and possibly bricks or gravel, and a comparison of this yield with the needs of an ordinary country gentleman's household. The results ought to be encouraging.



**W**HEN history begins to concern itself with the three wars in which our arms have been occupied at this latter end of the century, a striking fact common to all will be the large place taken by a retreat—from Kumasi, Tientsin, and the country between the Tugela River and Ladysmith. Admiral Seymour's narrative is thrilling, but for sheer British "doggedness" and fortitude of soul perhaps the operations of General Buller, which earned him the humorous nickname of "the ferryman," take the highest place of all. Mistakes no doubt were made—that is beside the question—but thrice to retire before difficulties found to be too great, and still retain the confidence of troops and lead them to the final success, surely shows a rare moral strength. Throughout General Buller has had all the tough bits of the fighting, the most rugged country to attack. One of the finest features of the war we take to be the unhesitating censure pronounced by Lord Roberts where he deemed censure due, coupled with appreciation of the qualities of the man so censured that made him give the same general the hardest work in the future, and finally the frank acceptance of censure by that general and his loyal working under the chief who had administered it.

We are beginning to understand Boer warfare, but it is doubtful whether the people of this country yet have the slightest notion of the Boer mind. In order to judge, let us say, the effect of Lord Roberts's proclamation, it is not enough to conclude that it will convince them because it is conclusive to us, and would be so to any race who reason as an ordinary European nation would. The unknown quantities are the genuine Boer ignorance, passing that of uncivilised races, because they have made it almost part of their creed never to listen or learn, and the intense fanaticism, in a strictly limited application, which possesses them.

From two sources of the highest interest and authority light has been thrown during the past week on the dark recesses of the minds of the race who declared war on the most powerful nation of the world. One was the speech of Mr. Wessels, among the best of all Africanders, one of the very few men who are known to be loyal members of the "Bond." In pleading for those whom he called "My constituents, my unhappy constituents"—rebels all—in Northern Cape Colony, he told the Cape Parliament of his own intense astonishment when he went north to meet those constituents, and to warn them against the emissaries of the enemy. Instead of being welcomed as the well-informed representative by a set of ignorant provincials, he was derided. He found that they had swallowed, and assimilated, all the wild fiction prepared for them, with far greater knowledge of their character than was possessed by Mr. Wessels, by the Transvaal Hollanders. They were convinced

that the English would be driven into the sea in a fortnight; they knew that three European Powers would support them; and 80 per cent. of them took up arms without even going through the form of being commandeered. "They had not a line of evidence in writing to make a defence on."

The other "light" comes from the tomb. The gifted niece of Charles Kingsley, Miss Mary Kingsley, who, with a man's sense and a woman's cleverness, has written some of the best books on Africa of our day, died while doing volunteer nursing at the war. From one of her last letters, published in the *Spectator*, the following is an extract: "I have now had, as the medical men would say, some 300 Boers 'under observation.' They have for the most part been delirious, and talked their minds pretty freely, and it is certain, whatever their leaders may be, these men are simple—fools, from my individual point of view. They believe in the Old Testament in a way English people do not. They, the Boers, believe in it like the negro believes in his ju-ju. Their view is that Jehovah gave them the Transvaal as their Canaan. If you can understand such a state of mind, they are Jews, and everything promised by Jehovah is their private property. A more dangerous form of religion they could not have, for apart from it they have all the virtues of Dutchmen—the tenacity of purpose, the independence of character, and if it be a virtue, the keen love of their own land. It is not their own if anyone else, black or white, has a claim to power in it. It seems to me a mere waste of time to deal with a tender leniency towards the Boer's political feelings. It is no mortal use explaining to him the individual advantages he will have as a citizen of the British Empire. It is not his Empire, and he will take every concession you give him, profit by every advantage you give him, and use all his increased power to get back his own country for himself."

The remedy suggested is to educate them out of Old Testamentism, after giving them a thoroughly good beating. Perhaps we might teach them a little modern agriculture. A correspondent of the *Live-Stock Journal* declares that they never even take the trouble to make hay, that every year the cattle grow fat in summer and suffer from famine in winter, numbers dying of weakness and cold, and that there is not a cow-house in the Transvaal. The Boers say they have enough, even if part of the cattle do die in winter. People who "have enough" are difficult to educate.

What shall be done for Lord Roberts when he comes home? will be the first question on every English pair of lips. The country has never been behindhand in rewarding successful generals; but in this case the obligation is extraordinary. The reward can hardly be apportioned on any scale to what was done. We had lost prestige. He restored it almost instantly. We wanted someone to chastise the Boers; but also to chasten them—not to make them irreconcilable. Lord Roberts has done his best to use moral force as well as the weapons of war, and has done it in such a way as to give the tone of high character and principle to every act. He has also taken the nation into his confidence in the simplest and most direct way, letting them know day by day what he had done, and his own hopes and wishes. Lastly, he has lost in the war his son and heir of the name and titles so splendidly won.

Earl Grey, Lord-Lieutenant of Northumberland, has written a letter to the papers in general calculated to bring the liquor question home to the most indifferent. He was satisfied that in a certain district a good case was made out for starting a public-house, and applied to the magistrates for a licence. Needless to say, he got it. When he had got it, he found that he had asked for and obtained a privilege, granted by the public, which he could sell to-morrow for £10,000. He points out, in very moderate terms, that such a partial monopoly given him by the public ought to pay back to the public the profits gained. So he has placed the "house" in the hands of trustees, who, after paying him back 10 per cent. yearly for interest and sinking fund, are to expend the rest for the benefit of the inhabitants of the parish. He also asks the magistrates to allow the People's Refreshment House Association, generally associated with the name of the Bishop of Chester, the refusal of any further new licences, such as that "which placed in his hands, without the expenditure of sixpence, a commercial asset of enormous value."

One effect of the stoppage in the cotton trade seems likely to be a sudden check to the coal trade. This at least is no unwelcome news, however much we may regret the idleness of so many mill hands. It appears to be certain that the dearness of coal is not caused so much by scarcity as by an artificial restriction of the output, and for that reason it is giving rise to a great deal of irritation. During the summer the high prices did not press so very heavily. Indeed, owing to the cheapness of oils, and the multiplication of oil-stoves, it is easily possible to dispense with coal

altogether in warm weather, and the extension of electric lighting must, sooner or later, affect the consumption of gas. But in winter there is no doing without fuel, and for the sake of those who can ill afford to pay a ransom for it, we trust that this so-called famine, which is merely a matter of engineering, will come to an end. The workmen and masters are able to combine to defend their own interests, but it is largely at the expense of the consuming public, who have no means of retaliating.

It is wonderful how quickly Nature is able to recover from the effect of bad seasons. It seems to be only a year or two ago—in point of fact, if we remember rightly, it was the year before last—that the MacKintosh was not shooting at all on his famous moors at Moy, because the grouse were so bad. Yet this year he has broken all previous records there, breaking, we believe, all previous records for Scottish grouse, with 3,360 birds in four days, 800 brace being the best single day's bag. In the shooting of pheasants there is always the suspicion that days of abnormal bags mean cruel butchery, with birds killed at the gun's muzzle. This suspicion never arises in the case of grouse, where the shots must be taken as they come, and no large proportion are likely to be over-easy.

Woodcock seem to be remarkably plentiful this year. In Scotland, at least, this is certainly the case, and probably it will be found so in England also when pheasant shooting begins. At present in England, while the coverts remain unshot, we have no means of gauging the stock of woodcock. In Scotland the grouse and black game shooting brings us earlier into the haunts of the bird. In August, near Perth, seventeen woodcock were killed in a one-day shoot—a very large number for that part of the country. At Murth'y, when the late Sir John Millais had the shooting, sixteen were once killed in a day; but this latest bag beats this record. Certain it is that the woodcock breeds with us more numerously than it used to; but that has not until this year seemed to result in a proportionately greater number in the shooting season. Let us hope this is the beginning of a new era, for the woodcock is one of the best of birds both to shoot and to eat.

That fine bird, the capercailzie, is steadily extending his range. Every year the pressure of his population seems to drive him into pastures and pine woods new. The immense extension of the fir in Scotland during the last few decades has no doubt favoured him, for he lives both in and on the fir. Then one or two big storms, uprooting his ancient haunts, have sent him out on the world to seek a new home, and finally his own numbers steadily increase and help his diffusion. He is a fine fellow, though rather tough in his old age; but the hen caper and the young capers are not bad birds on table.

The return for the rental of salmon fishing is so very uncertain, so dependent on the rainfall and other influences beyond human control, that there is a keen enquiry for streams or lochs where the more reliable sea-trout may be found. Unfortunately he is very far to seek. In the West of Ireland or in the Outer Hebrides he is to be caught in pleasant quantities, but these are places that take some getting to. We should be more than obliged to any correspondent who would tell us of fair sea-trout fishing nearer at hand.

Rivers have all run down very low, and there is no sign of a spate coming, the spate so much to be desired. Never has there been a year when the salmon fisher has suffered such bitter disappointment. When there is no water, or too much water, he is resigned. He knows no disappointment then, for he has no hopes to be crushed. But this year all went to raise his hopes. There was a fine spate towards the end of August, fully sufficient to give many a good fish a chance of dodging the nets, and keeping a good flow in the rivers long after August 26th, when so many nets came off. All looked well for the angling, and yet very few fish have been caught. Never has there been a year when, under circumstances so favourable, fish have been so slow to come up, so difficult to catch when they did come. And now the rivers have fallen low, and all hope is gone for the time.

When rivers are low and clear, and all lures fail, the man of conscience begins to concern himself with the morality of fishing with the prawn. The use of the prawn is very properly and generally condemned while there is even a moderate chance of catching salmon with the fly. But when this chance has been proved practically nil, and fish are getting red and stale in the water, then the use of the prawn is surely to be permitted. It is said that fish a prawn has been over will not rise to fly. Quite so, but there are fish that will rise to no fly, whether they have seen prawn or not. If there be a prospect of new fish coming up, then we would abjure the use of the crustacean rigidly; but in most rivers, when the water has run down low,

there is no chance of this. Prawn cannot make matters worse. For catching fish it is prawn or nothing. Therefore, why not prawn?

Can anyone say why it is that salmon run up rivers in the spring? Certainly it is not to spawn—of that we may be sure. The only man we have ever heard of who even claimed to give a satisfactory explanation was a certain Highland gillie, who said that he had taken much time thinking it over, and had come to the conclusion that it was "Providential"; by which he meant that the fish were sent up the river by a higher Power in order that they might be caught in the nets, and by the rod, and supply food and sport for man. If not a useful contribution to natural history, this is at least a useful contribution to the science of the gillie's nature and mode of thought.

Many fine pike have been caught in Ireland during the past few weeks, a great number of which have found their way to the establishment of Messrs. Williams, the naturalists of Dublin. These have all been eclipsed by a monster sent up by Captain A. Jones, of Innishanboe, Oughterard, for preservation. This fish, which was caught in Lough Corrib, was of 37½ lb. weight, and its dimensions 49in. long, 10in. deep, and 27in. in circumference. To show the voracity of these freshwater sharks, and the damage which they must do to trout, etc., a very fine trout of over 6lb. in weight was taken out of this pike when opened. Though a semi-authentic account of a 52lb. pike having been killed in one of the northern counties of Ireland by a policeman, last year, is believed by many persons, Messrs. Williams still stick to their point that there is no authentic proof of a 40-pounder having yet been captured. That Ireland is the place for big pike there can be no doubt, and any ambitious angler bent on breaking the record cannot do better than visit Lough Corrib, or other of the many loughs which have already yielded up big fish.

A vexatious creature that has "lived up again," as the child puts it, is the wasp. For the last two or three years there has been a general scarcity of him; so much so that we began to wonder whether occult causes were making for his final extinction. That wonder is resolved for us. There is no occasion to apprehend his total disappearance. He has appeared again this autumn as numerous and as virulent as ever. All the country over, so far as we can hear, this is the case, and in some parts his numbers are falling not much short of those of the wasp-plague seasons of some three or four years ago.

There has been a good deal of correspondence in the newspapers about the unusual abundance this year of the beautiful Clouded Yellow butterfly. It is one of those insects that in England only appear at rare intervals, the last Clouded Yellow year being, if we mistake not, 1892. Like everything else, this is capable of a simple explanation, which, nevertheless, has not been put forward by the newspaper correspondents. The favourite food of the caterpillar of this species is clover or sainfoin, and if this be cut early the caterpillars perish, but if the hay harvest be late, then they have time to develop into the perfect insect. We cannot see, then, that its scarcity has, as has been alleged, anything to do with the ravages of the collector, although that individual boasts of having taken these butterflies in great numbers—sixty was mentioned in one case. What a collector wants with sixty specimens of the same butterfly is a puzzle, unless he is intending to deal in them.

On the Penn Ponds in Richmond Park two pairs of great crested grebes, one pair being the happy parents of a full-grown young one, are now to be seen daily, swimming, fishing, and diving. It is not long since this beautiful and interesting bird was expected to become extinct as a British breeding species. It was known as the "loon," and its preservation by law was only just in time to save the last birds from being killed to make "grebe trimmings." Both pairs nested in Richmond Park.

Major Gibbon, who has crossed Africa from North to South and also from East to West, and explored the unknown country between the watersheds of the Nile, Zambesi, and Congo, has found there and shot a white rhinoceros, supposed only to have existed south of the Zambesi, and to be extinct even there.

The new lion house which it is proposed to erect in the Zoological Gardens, Dublin, is in a fair way of becoming a *fait accompli* at an early date. Lord Iveagh, ever ready with his purse, sent a donation of £100, and the Queen has sent a little cheque for £25, while many other subscriptions are coming in to meet the £5,000 required for the project. The Lord Roberts House will be a very great addition to the pretty gardens in the Phoenix Park, and the splendid success which has attended lion rearing there deserves all encouragement. During the last half century over 200 lion cubs have been born in the Irish Zoo, and have brought into the funds of the society over £5,000 in hard cash.

## NORWAY IN HAY-TIME.

**T**AKE two peoples following, roughly, the same agricultural pursuits, and you could hardly find a greater contrast than that which exists between the Norse and the English.

In England our produce is conveyed from country to town in carts and railway trucks. Less and less hand labour is used every year in our fields; throughout the kingdom are markets where the farmer from even the most remote district regularly meets his fellows; and the tradesman's cart—perhaps soon to be supplanted by the motor-car—makes shopping easy for the farmer's wife and daughters.

Most districts of Norway know none of these things. There are but thirteen towns in the whole of the kingdom, of which only 4·8 per cent is under cultivation, including meadow and grazing land. Carts, in our meaning of the word, there are none, their place being taken by stolkjærre or boat, and the shriek of the local fjord steamer is heard instead of the whistle of the railway engine. A mowing-machine is a wonder, the sickle and scythe being everywhere. The only real meeting-place of the people is at church, for there are no regular markets. No shopping is possible; for one thing, money is scarce, and for another, the geographical situation forbids it.

Steaming along the fjords in early July, even the jaded traveller must needs be interested in the few busy workers whose lot is cast in lonely places on the steep fellsides overhanging



HAYMAKING.

they come from the mountain top is visible, a bare streak among the pines. Men and girls are busy—the men in cutting the flowery grass, the girls in shaking it into lengths, which they hang over the bars of the hay hurdles. Very curious is the aspect of some of these tiny hayfields. The cutting begins around the hurdle, and stops when this is filled. The grass having dried, a further lot is cut; and so the process goes on until the whole patch is finished. Where, as is the case in more favoured situations, a whole hillside is covered with hurdles, the irregular bare patches around these, in conjunction with the adjacent growing grass full of bright spots of colour (harebells, ladies' bedstraw, cranesbill, etc.), are most picturesque, especially when, as happens in many districts, the women hay-makers are wearing the pretty white and coloured costume of their race.

Higher up than any of the places we have been speaking of, hidden among dark masses of rock, sprinkled with pine, are more tiny patches of grass. How the haymakers get there is a mystery to the plain-dweller, as also how the hay is brought down, unless some chance glance reveals it passing along one of the strong wires which may be seen among the hills when the light is favourable, as so many gigantic spiders' threads crossing the valley from side to side. It is not only hay which comes down these; the thick milk you drink in your hotel travels the same journey, and the cheese; whilst the workers up above, in hayfield or sæter, receive their supplies of bread through the same channel.

If you essay the task of climbing up to one of these sæters, you will be amply rewarded for your toil, besides being the means of giving a vast amount of innocent pleasure to the girl or girls in charge. A rough life



SENDING HAY DOWN THE WIRES.

the blue water. It is farming in patches, this—a patch of grass, another of barley, a third of potatoes, and then, at irregular intervals along the water-side, more grass and potatoes, with, perhaps, in sheltered situations, a cherry tree or two. The "gaard," or farmhouse, stands in the chief plot, and near it is a boat-landing. Piles of cut logs are seen at the water's edge, ready to be shipped to Bergen, and the "shoot" down which

these girls have of it. Their home is a small wooden hut, built against a slanting bank, the first floor occupied by calves and sheep; the goats are still higher up the mountains. An unlocked door admits to the gallery of the second floor, and in it are the barrels and trays used in cheese-making and in washing. The inner door, again without lock, being opened, reveals rows of shelves bearing ripening Gammerlost

cheese (made from "old milk"). On the floor is a cooking stove (without pipe), more barrels, and, in the most secluded corner, a plain plank bed, with hay for mattress and covering, so rough a provision that one would doubt its purpose save that a girl's clothes are hanging over the bed head. A small window completes the list of contents, unless one includes the



*TRANSPORT BY BOAT.*

roof, on the top of which young birches, wild strawberries, and a host of other plants are flourishing.

In a fair-sized sæter there may be six of these living huts, with, say, eight separate shippens and barns. The cows—mostly of the Telemarken breed—wander considerable distances, but, of course, always return to be milked. They and the sheep, with an odd pig or two—but this division of stock is small in Norway—constitute a pleasing picture, as seen in the evening, around the sæter. Each large farm possesses a sæter of its own; but it is a common thing to find from three to six small farms joining at one.

Around the heads of some of the more fertile fjords the gaards are very picturesque. One good house usually attests the presence of the wealthiest farmer of the community, although, as 94 per cent. of the farms are less than fifty acres, there is little difference in the standing of the holders. A pleasant feature of Norwegian agriculture is that more than half the farmers own the land they cultivate. By the living house are barns, cooking and washing huts, etc., the latter built upon wooden or stone piles, the space intervening between the earth and floor being filled with a medley of agricultural and other implements—sledges, "skis," potato ploughs, hoes, barrels, children's playthings, broken down stolkjærer, etc. This space rarely seems large enough for the purpose, for the protection of every large boulder is also taken advantage of, especially for storing wood.

A man might furnish his farm in Norway, if he were not honest, by picking up things during an afternoon's walk in the neighbourhood of one of these collections of gaards.

In the intervals of haymaking one often sees roofs being mended. A hut roof is a wondrous thing. First there come the cross beams, which are covered with planks, then birch

bark is carefully laid over the whole, and, finally, freshly-cut sods are placed on the top. It is these sods which cause such a cultivated appearance as time passes on. Most common plants might be found by a diligent searcher, and the birch and rowan trees often attain a great height.

Tree felling is naturally an important occupation in Norway.

Much wood is exported, much is used for fuel and in the manufacture of wooden implements for farm and home. The bark is always carefully preserved in bundles, and the leaves are used for fodder in winter, mainly for sheep. Then, every man makes his own boat, which, along with fishing, is the chief winter occupation.

It would be a serious omission not to mention the little mills which almost every stream turns. You meet with them everywhere where there is a regular fall of water, although in certain districts they are thicker than in others: small wooden huts, the floor pierced by a fir pole fitted at the bottom with short wings, and at the top attached either to a grinding stone or a revolving saw. A wooden "race" conducts the water from the main stream, and is blocked by the simple expedient of pulling down a long pole with a square piece of wood attached at the end; the water then flows over the side of the race. Barley

grinding is very general, and wood is, of course, cut up in every district. All the grindstones are turned by water, the washing is done in the stream, and dairy and household utensils are sweetened as they bob up and down in the turmoil of waters. There is a good deal of weaving, and small dye houses are common in quite rural districts. As you gather in church it is easy to see that the skirts worn by the women and the cloth



*NORWEGIAN CORN-MILLS.*

patronised by the men are both of the same web—home-grown, home-spun, home-dyed, and mostly made up at home.

The Norwegian pony is an invaluable animal, although somewhat trying to the patience of the tourist who wishes to press on. It is bred only in the north, and great care is taken to both keep the breed pure and maintain the animals in good condition. Recently, at an out-of-the-way tourist centre, we

found that a Government inspector was having up before him all ponies used in the tourist traffic. He examined these, one by one, and prescribed for the faulty animals, which might not be used for a certain period defined by him. We ascertained that such a visit was paid to the district once a month. The animals draw heavy loads, and work for long periods. They are well cared for, although the average Norwegian stable leaves something to be desired.

E. E. TAYLOR.

## FROM THE PAVILION.

THE "holiday matches," which generally conclude the year's cricket, have been invested with an especial amount of interest this year, as they have been attended by the best of fine weather, Hastings being as usual one of the pampered favourites of the clerk of the weather. What the public delights to see on these occasions is hard hitting glore, and the public taste has been amply gratified not only at Hastings, but also at Lord's, where a supplementary match, North v. South, arranged for the benefit of one of the most obliging of the servants of the M.C.C., proved a great attraction. At Hastings nearly 2,500 runs were scored during the six days that the tête lasts, and as the bulk of these runs was contributed by such resolute players as Denton, Tyldesley, Jephson, Abel, Trott, and Ranjitsinhji, it is needless to say that the play never flagged, though naturally neither game was played out, whilst it may be added that seven players ran into double figures, Tyldesley twice in one match.

The game at Lord's started with equal or even greater *éclat*, for the spectators had the pleasure of seeing W. G. Grace not merely in form, but in something closely akin to his old form, for, discarding his cautious tactics, as soon as he had got his eye in he cut and drove, pulled and placed, in a style that reminded us of the seventies. He made his first century, 134, at Lord's as far back as 1868, and has often repeated the process since, but curiously enough he has never reached 200 on that classic ground, though he made 196 against Cambridge there in 1894. Everyone was delighted to see

the old warrior still at the front, and the spectators, who, luckily for Philip Need, were quite numerous, were uproarious in their approval. But there were other innings to delight them, notably two slashing performances by Jessop, who seemed as fit and unwearied as if he had not been playing cricket straight on end for nearly four months. For the other big scores, which were numerous, the reader must inspect the full score, but the match must not be dismissed without calling attention to the success attending Jephson's lob-bowling; he has in fact had a fairly successful season with his "cock-thumbs," as they used to be called in Kent—66 wickets for 23 runs apiece—and he is now about the only bowler of his kind who meets with real success.

Everyone knows the figures of the head batsmen by heart, but it is only just to call attention to the all-round cricket of Mason, Jephson, and Jessop, while Briggs has done well, when we remember that a year ago it was thought that the breakdown in his health had barred him from cricket for ever. It was somewhat unfortunate for county cricket that two counties should be pronouncedly better than others, but they were the counties that had no marked weakness in their teams. Had Surrey or Sussex possessed a really fine bowler, or had Middlesex shown its true batting form early in the year, there would have been some keen competition for the top place. As it is, the best side is in the best place, and that is as it should be. W. J. FORD.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

**T**HIS week the portrait of the Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery graces the first page of COUNTRY LIFE.

In 1877 Lady Beatrix Louisa Lambton, the daughter of the second Earl of Durham, married the Earl of Pembroke, and by the great interest she has taken in his affairs has immensely assisted in the good work which he has undertaken, not only in the neighbourhood of his own beautiful home at Wilton, Salisbury, but elsewhere.

## A RURAL ANARCHIST.

**H**UDDY PICK slung his satchel over his shoulder and dawdled on the path leading from the school door to the village road. Boys tumbled over each other passing him, but Huddy only gave them a side look out of his narrow green eyes, and kept on his way. At the gate he stopped and turned round. A fat boy, with very red cheeks and round eyes, was just leaving the school. Huddy waited.

"Joe Kestle," said he, as the boy approached, "I've got a secret."

"You'm alway got 'em," grumbled Joe.

"This be a hot wan, Joe; it's somethin' tremenjus, I tell 'ee." Huddy Pick glanced at his companion.

"Tell us," demanded Joe.

Huddy looked back over his shoulder to see if anyone could overhear him, and then bent his head down to the level of Joe's brown and blistered ear.

"I'm a anarchist!" he whispered.

To Huddy's surprise the apple cheeks of Master Joe Kestle did not blanch, nor did the boy desist from gnawing a small, tough pear he had been vigorously but almost ineffectually nibbling ever since school broke up.

"What's a anarchist?" he demanded, munching.

"Never heard ov a anarchist?" cried Huddy. "My amers! but you'm ignorant. My vather do talk ov nothin' else; it's in all the paapers what they do. They'm conspirators, like Guy Vawkes."

"Are they, then?" cried Joe, his eyes opening with sudden interest.

"They be that, sure enough. Come up along and I'll tell 'ee. We'll go in Libby's vive-acre medder, an' I'll tell 'ee."

Joe quickened his pace. "Be you a Guy Vawkes?" he asked, panting. "Be you agoin' to blow up things, Huddy?"

"Sure enough," said Pick. "I'll tell 'ee all about it. You wait, Joe; I'll tell 'ee."

They reached the five-acre meadow, scrambled over the gate, and made their way to a little railed-off orchard at the far corner. Like many another English orchard, this in Farmer Libby's field was uncared for—the grass grew rank and high, the apple trees spread their branches in all directions, and the ditch at the side was choked with weeds and wild flowers. Huddy Pick beat his way through the tall grass, followed by the puffing Joe, and stalked on till he reached the trunk of an old apple tree which lay across the ditch. He vaulted on to this seat and perched himself there. Joe, clambering awkwardly after him, followed suit. Huddy Pick embraced his long, thin legs with his long, thin arms, rested his chin on his knees, and stared at Joe. Huddy's eyes looked more intense and green than ever in the white, pasty, freckled face, as he fixed them at this moment on the big brown eyes of his companion.

"Tell us," said red-cheeked Joe.

Huddy rubbed his chin on the rough trousers stretched over his bony knees. "Wouldn't you be jolly if there wuz no parson, no schoolma-aster, no policeman, Joe?"

After a long pause, Kestle, who had misgivings about being alone with the notoriously worst boy in the village, said: "Tell us about you'm bein' Guy Vawkes."

"I'm comin' to that fast enough. Don't you think as you'd veel happy if there wuz no school, no church, an' no wan to stap you thievin' things?"

"Course I should. But tell us 'bout them there anarchistics."

"That's what anarchy is, Joe," said Huddy, with great effect. "Don't you zee, if there wuz somebody to bust up they people who'm al-ways stappin' ov us doin' what we warnt to do it ud mak' it vine vor uz?"

Joe threw away his grimy pear core, and opened his eyes and mouth. "Lard!" he exclaimed, "be you goin' to bust up parson an' schoolma-aster an' all?"

Huddy nodded.

"Then," said Joe, decisively, "you'll be hanged for sartin."

"Noa, I sharnt," answered Huddy; "they'll never ketch me; they never wornt know who's done it."

"They ketched Jim Rattle."

Huddy smiled. "Did he blow up people? He's only a poacher. I could ketch a poacher."

"You could?"

"Iss. Any fule could snap poachers. But who's goan' to vind out a anarchist?"

"They ketched Guy Vawkes, they did!"

"He warnt a praper anarchist. Them days wuz a lot divverent vrom these days. Lard, why they kills queens, an' kings an' all, over the sea, they do. Anarchy's paper, I tell 'ee. There's no fulin' about anarchy."

"Carnt they ketch 'ee?" Joe asked.

"Ketch 'ee! Dang it, how are they to ketch 'ee when you've blawed 'em up. They be all to pieces."

"S'posin' gunpowder be like they Karthrin wheels we bought back last November?"

"Anarchy's gunpowder be divverent to they."

"Be it?"

"Iss. Anarchy's gunpowder goas off bang! an' it blaws up trees and houses and people, it do. There's nothin' left wance it veels the match. Bang! it goas, an', Lard, there's a smell an' that's all. Everythin' else be blawn to nothin'—men, an' wimmen, an' babies, an' all!"

"Praper," said Joe.

Huddy waited a moment. "Tell us," he said, "would you loike to be a anarchist long wi' me?"

"Iss," said Joe, doubtfully.

"There's no blawin' up virst go off," said Huddy.  
 "Arnt there?" said Joe, a little relieved.  
 "You begin gentle, an' wark up to gunpowder. Virst we're goan to scare parson."  
 "Scare 'un? "  
 "Iss."  
 "How be you goan to do that, then?"  
 "Vollow 'un about at night when he cant zee us."  
 "Will that scare 'un, then?"  
 Huddy knitted his brows. "If it warnt, I'll blow 'un up to the sky," he said.  
 "Where the angels be?" said Joe.  
 "How do I know?" demanded Huddy, angrily.  
 "When you'm goan to vollow him about?"  
 "To-night."  
 "This night! Lard, shall I come along wi' ee?"  
 "I'll take 'ee," said Huddy.  
 "Dang me, I'll scare 'un!" cried Joe, with huge delight.  
 "I'll make 'un think I'm a paper ghostie come up out o' the grave, I will."

The conspirators remained talking for a few minutes, and then separated, Huddy to the shoemaker's shop kept by his socialistically inclined papa, and Master Joe Kestle to the labourer's cottage where he formed one of a family that had got into double figures three years ago.

It was the evening of the Penny Bank, and Huddy Pick had laid his plans well. The rector, an elderly widower, returning from the school at about eight o'clock would have to pass a dark and narrow part of the road that led to the churchyard and to the rectory. At this part of the road the two boys took their stand, Huddy on one side, Joe on the other, and each boy had in his hand the end of a cord which stretched across the road.

But the moments slipped by, and Huddy began to feel alarmed lest the rector had been taken ill or removed in some fantastic fashion beyond the reach of his strategy.

"Joe," he whispered, "you bide here while I go down the road a bit." Joe consented, with a lump in his throat, and Huddy crept swiftly and silently in the shadow of the high hedge towards the school.

At a turn of the road he came to the cottage of a benevolent spinster, and there at the gate was the rector and the maiden lady. Huddy held his breath. It came upon him all at once that he had caught the rector doing something wicked. His heart beat triumphantly under his flannel shirt.

"Will you come in a moment," asked Miss Montgomery, the spinster, "while I get you the list; it's all made out, and the tickets are quite finished? Do come in; I'm so afraid you may catch cold."

The rector did not like the invitation, but, being a nervous man, he did not like to refuse. Huddy slipped off his boots and crept out of the shadow, slipped through the open gate, and stole towards the window where the rector's shadow was thrown upon the brown holland blind. The poor rector, in a fever of nervousness, was saying that he really must not stop, as he had a sermon to prepare, and Miss Montgomery, with an entrancing smile, was tenderly placing her district visitor's list in the rector's hand, when Huddy, quite as excited as Guy Fawkes, reached the window. He saw the lady's shadow swim towards the rector's on the blind, and then submerge it altogether. Raising himself up, the boy, with flashing eye and clenched teeth, hissed out, "Diskivered! Diskivered!" Then he dashed down the path and out of the gate with the nimbleness of a squirrel.

The scene in the cottage defies description. Miss Montgomery sank upon the sofa, clutching the rector's hand.

"I am lost!" she gasped; "I am lost!"

"I must go and see who it is," said the rector, trembling from head to foot.

"Too late, O, too late!" cried Miss Montgomery. "Don't leave me now. What does it matter now? It's too late, too late! They will say I am in love with you; that I have been trying to catch you."

"O, that's absurd!" cried the aggrieved rector; "they'll never say that."

"They'll never say I have been trying to catch you?" questioned Miss Montgomery. "O, I pray they won't, dear Mr. Cattle, I pray they won't. But everybody knows that I lo—, how fond I am of you—."

"I had better go and see who it is," said the rector, growing uncomfortably hot. "It might be a burglar, you know, it really might be a burglar."

"And he would hurt you! No, you shall not go! You shall not leave the house—."

"My dear Miss Montgomery, I beseech you very earnestly to be calm. You must, indeed, you must be calm. Let me ring the bell for Ann, and she can sit with you while I examine the premises. Now, I pray you, be calm; consider the situation."

He disengaged his hand, on which the poor spinster's head had fallen in her last spasm of emotion, and rang the bell. After that he went out into the garden, and—well, did not look round.

"I don't see anybody," he said, returning; "I think it must have been one of the boys. Don't you think it was one of the boys, Ann?"

Ann, old, grey, and wrinkled, knew her village: "It's that young varmint ov a Pick, I'll be bound. When his mother wuz alive I said to her, 'Your husband,' I said, 'be a clever man at mendin' a boot,' I said, 'but it's a pity he doant tan that Huddy ov yourn an' mend him an' give 'un a new sole,' I said. An' she said to me, she did, 'He's a little devil,' she said. 'An' I said, 'Then it wuz a mistake ov Providence ever to let 'un out.' Yes, I did, an' that was more than a twelvemonth agone."

The rector said he must speak to Pick, but as the man was not a church-goer, and so very violent in his political views, there was really very small chance of his effecting any reform in the training of Huddy. A few more words, and the good gentleman was able to leave the cottage—a free man. The joy of his deliverance swallowed up his wholesome dread of burglars, and he swung down the road towards the rectory with joy in his heart.

His footsteps were heard by the conspirators, and on either side of the road at that moment there were two little hearts pumping furiously, two little mouths gasping, and two little brows clammy with the dew of guilty apprehension.

Huddy gave the cord a twitch, and Joe at the other end, sick at heart, gave it a pull. It tightened rebelliously.

The rector was now within twenty yards of the boys. He was actually humming. Huddy kept his eyes wide open to see the portly figure loom through the darkness, his ears wide open to catch the greater clearness of the humming. But suddenly the tune stopped, there was a sound of hurried scuffling, as if the rector had made a dart for the hedge, a white light from the opposite direction flashed across the road, a bell rang, and then there was a crash in the middle of the road directly opposite the two boys lying in the brambles under the tall hedges.

Huddy grasped the situation at once. The rope had thrown a cyclist, not the rector, and the unfortunate wheelman was now groaning and swearing in the road before him. With the cunning which had distinguished him from babyhood, Huddy switched the cord over to his side of the road, and ran with it in the shadow of the hedge as fast as ever his legs could carry him towards the churchyard. He climbed over a gate, darted through a field, and made his way by a wide detour back to the village.

But what troubled him was the fate of Joe. Would that little fool begin to cry and confess his crime, or would he run for the village and go straight into the rector's arms? Huddy grew uncomfortably hot.

He made his way to the road just where the school and the village inn fronted one another. Through the window of the ale house he could see his own father and Joe's father among the group at the counter. There was time yet for him to get home; but what had happened to Joe Kestle?

After some minutes of fruitless cogitation, Huddy came to the conclusion that he must leave Joe to his fate, and find his own way back to bed. He started off through the village, wondering what had happened to the cyclist, and as he went, to his utter amazement, he encountered Joe Kestle blubbering softly to himself. The boy was walking towards the scene of the escapade, not from it.

"Where you'm come vrom?" asked Huddy.

"Hoam," sobbed Joe.

"What's the matter wi' you? What you'm cryin' vor?"

"Mother strapped me for bein' out la-ate."

"An' where be you a-goan to?"

"To vetch vather vrom the inn."

"An' didn't they ketch you up along?"

"Noa."

"How wuz that, then? Did you run vor it?"

"Noa."

"What did you do, then, Joe?"

"Nordin."

"Nordin!"

"I just lied there in t' brambles, an' waited till they be goan."

"Didn't they look?"

"Iss."

"An' never ketch 'ee?"

"Noa."

"There, then, what did I tell 'ee about anarchy! Aint it paper, Joe, aint it paper? They never ketch anarchisties, they doant."

"My mother ketched me, then!" sobbed Joe. "She larrupped me paper. I aint goan vor to try no more anarchy, I tell 'ee. You can be Guy Fawkes yoursel', an' do your own bustin', iss, you can. Dang anarchisties!"

And rubbing his red eyes, first with his sleeve and then with his knuckles, the sniffling Joe continued his walk to the inn. Huddy looked after him for a moment with a contemptuous face, and then he hissed out:

"Traitor! Traitor!"

HALOLD BEGBIE.

## *AN ESTATE IN THE MAKING.—II.*

**I**N laying out an estate there is nothing more important than the question of cottages. Those already existing are, as a general rule, disgraceful. Accommodation is insufficient, repairs are not done; often they are situated at an inconvenient distance from the cottagers' work, and sanitary arrangements are very often conspicuous by their absence. When land is acquired and worked on purely commercial principles it is difficult to remedy this evil. The wages of agricultural labourers vary from 11s. or 12s. to 15s. a week in money. Out of that only a small sum can be spared for rent. On a first-rate estate where cottages are above the average this holds true. On the Thorney estate of the Duke of Bedford, for instance, there are 301 cottages let at an average of 1s. 8d. a week. In Devonshire the average rent is between 1s. and 1s. 6d. a week, and that is a common state of affairs all over the country. It is not possible to build a satisfactory cottage at an outlay for which this could be anything like a satisfactory return. A pair of cottages put up at a cost of £300 could scarcely be more than decent, and if let at 1s. 6d. a week would bring a gross return of only £3 18s. 9d. That is where the real difficulty of providing adequate cottage accommodation lies. Only a landlord here and there can afford to disregard the economical question and build at a virtual loss—the others are too much impoverished to do so. They know it would be cruel to exact more rent from the labourer unless his wages were raised, and the profits of land will not at present admit of that being done.

But in the case of a landlord who is not working for an immediate return other considerations arise. He naturally wishes



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his property to look smart in every particular, and not to be defaced by a series of tumble-down hovels. And there is a deeper satisfaction than that of gratifying aesthetic taste in the pleasure of knowing that every possible care has been taken to make the workpeople comfortable. Anyone doing this just now is deserving of great credit. The welfare of the country is being seriously imperilled by the decay of its rural population, which is largely due to inferior cottage accommodation. Whoever within his own sphere removes the incentive to town migration is performing a service to his country.

It must be given to few, however, to be able to set aside difficulties in Mr. Hudson's masterful way. The question of rent, for instance, or of a return for his capital does not arise, as

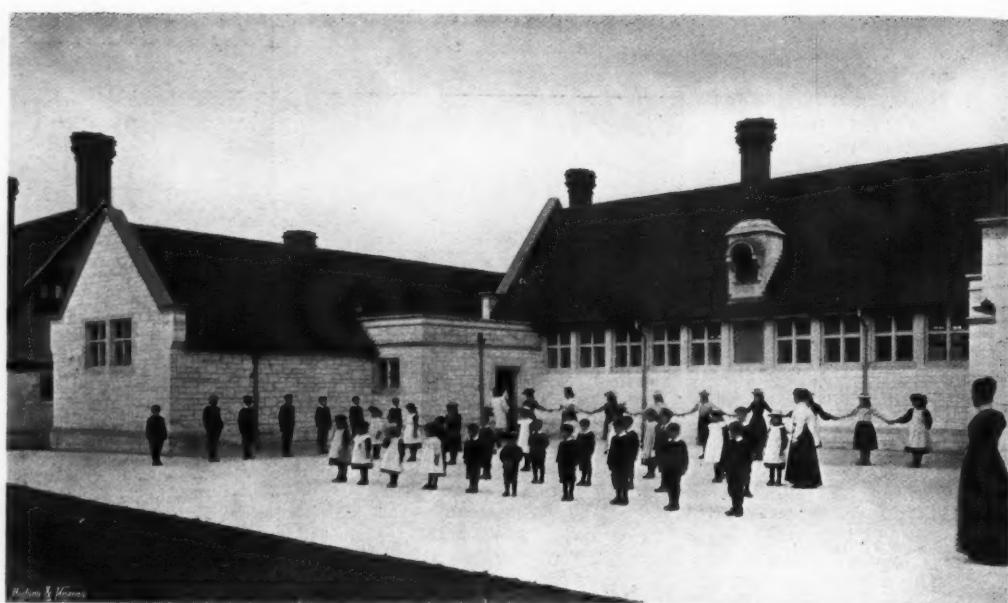


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*THE ABBEY COTTAGES.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

he gives the cottages rent free. Nor does the labourer suffer in his wages on that account. On the contrary, he is paid at a rate of 16s. or 17s. a week, Sunday men 20s. and 21s. a week for twelve weeks, in haysel and harvest. This obstacle having been got rid of, Mr. Hudson was freed to exercise his own taste, and in Mr. Romaine Walker he found an architect well capable of giving it expression. There are in all twenty-eight new cottages built, and as they follow the same model, an examination of one will do for all. The six ABBEY COTTAGES shown in our illustrations form as beautiful a "hind's row" as is to be found in Great Britain, and a peep inside affords proof that they are as comfortable as they are handsome. One might expect the chalk to be a glaring white, but already it is weathering into a soft grey that, combined with the tiled roofs, falls naturally into keeping with the river and sylvan landscape. The plan of the cottages is as practical as it is ingenious. In building them it was necessary to steer between two extremes—over-much space and



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too little. With the former soon follows the nuisance of lodgers, leading, among growing families, to immorality and other objectionable evils, on which it is unnecessary to dilate. Over-crowding produces effects equally bad, though in a different way. The right size of cottage is that which will give no room beyond what is needed for the wants of an average labourer, and yet be sufficient for the large families usually to be found in this class.

It will be seen from the photographs that the Abbey cottages are built in the shape of the letter E. A few climbing roses are already appearing on the walls, and taking away the appearance of newness. Most conveniently placed, and only a few steps from the cottage doors, are the gardens. Mr. Hudson is offering two silver cups, one for farm servants' gardens and one for the other men employed on the estate. Not a weed is visible, and the rows of beans and peas, the drills of potatoes, the cabbages and other homely vegetables, are planted with commendable neatness. It adds to the attractive appearance of the cottages.

The front door opens directly into the best room, one of the smallest conceivable, and there is a purpose in this. First, it requires but a tiny carpet and very little furniture, and this is an economical arrangement. Secondly, it is easily kept clean and presentable. A common experience is that the cottager's wife follows one of two courses with her best room. Either she keeps it like a martinet, and from year's end to year's end no human being is allowed to enter, save, it may be, the parson on his visitation, or the lady from the hall. More often it is turned into a mere lumber-room. Never shall I forget the dismay of a landlord who was showing me the pretty parlours he had given his new cottages, when the presiding dame, reluctantly opening the door, revealed that it had been converted into a store-room for the family supply of potatoes. But as the front door actually opens into the tiny parlour of the Abbey cottages, there is a strong incentive to keep it for the purpose designed. For clearness it may be advisable to repeat that these cottages are but examples of those that have been built on the estate, the others being in every respect equal to them. They afford a very striking contrast to the dilapidated hovels to be seen in the village of Medmenham.



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BACK-YARD TO ABBEY COTTAGES.

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THE SCHOOLS: THE MISTRESS'S HOUSE.

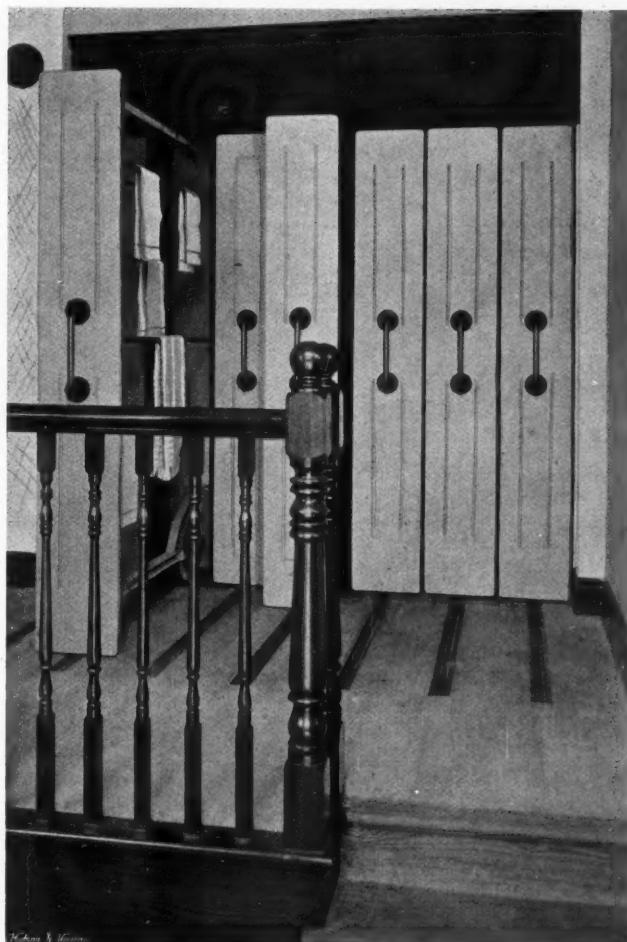
"COUNTRY LIFE."

A kitchen is the living room of a cottage, and in it Mr. Hudson has been prodigal of the space so carefully economised in the parlour. It is a large, almost four square apartment, wherein even the numerous members of the labourer's family may sit down to dinner without crowding. Moreover, it is fitted with convenient dressers and cupboards, common enough in the suburban villa, but luxuries, too rare, in the labourer's cottage. And it has a close and open grate and oven calculated to delight the poor wife who has to bake and cook and wash for the large family. Her convenience has been a first consideration with the architect and builder. And this thoughtfulness has been exercised outside as well as in. How much drudgery there is often connected with water when it has to be carried by hand, not seldom even in these days from a foul ditch or stagnant pool. The tap on the sink in the back kitchen, the soft-water butts standing against the wall outside—what a saving to the cottage wife is implied by these!

The kitchen and the little sitting-room, along with a back kitchen fitted up with conveniences for the cleansing work of the house, take up the ground floor. On the second story are three comfortable bedrooms, ample sleeping accommodation for all but the very largest grown-up families, none of the bedrooms connected, each having a separate door. The arrangements at the back are equally thorough. Each house has attached to it an earth-closet. There is a space for drying clothes, and at the other side a large shed for holding coals, firewood, and so on. The only objection that can possibly be taken to the houses is their initial cost, and as the tenants sit rent free, it is not likely to come from them. Six houses cost about £2,500 to put up; but if the happiness of making working people comfortable, of raising their standard of living, and of adding to their content with their surroundings be worth anything, then the owner is rewarded indeed.

Mr. Hudson has bestowed equally generous attention on the mental requirements of his people. A school, comely to look at and well appointed in every particular, has been built—it, too, out of rock chalk. There are about sixty scholars on the register, and for their tuition no fewer than three certificated mistresses are employed, a staff, as need scarcely be said, that is very much in advance of the Government requirements. Our photographer succeeded in obtaining a capital view of the rosy-faced healthy CHILDREN DRILLING in the playground. On one side is a cosy schoolhouse for the teachers, and on the other a laundry.

The latter, as will generally be admitted, is of the utmost importance. People are beginning to realise—and that is what called the Agricultural Education Committee into existence—that we have been trusting far too much to books. To young men and women whose bread has to be earned by manual labour the training of hand and eye is of equal importance with the three R's. We hope Mr. Hudson will extend his scheme and add a garden to the buildings, where the children may learn how to handle light tools and to pick up the names at least



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of plants and flowers and weeds. Meantime a capital beginning is the establishment of this laundry. It has been arranged that on certain afternoons in the week the girls will be taken in to watch the operations of the laundress, and perhaps assist, as far as they can, in the lighter work, thus acquiring at a very early stage of life a kind of practical knowledge that no woman should be without. They will do so under the most favourable circumstances, since no trouble or expense has been spared in appointing and fitting the laundry with every modern contrivance.



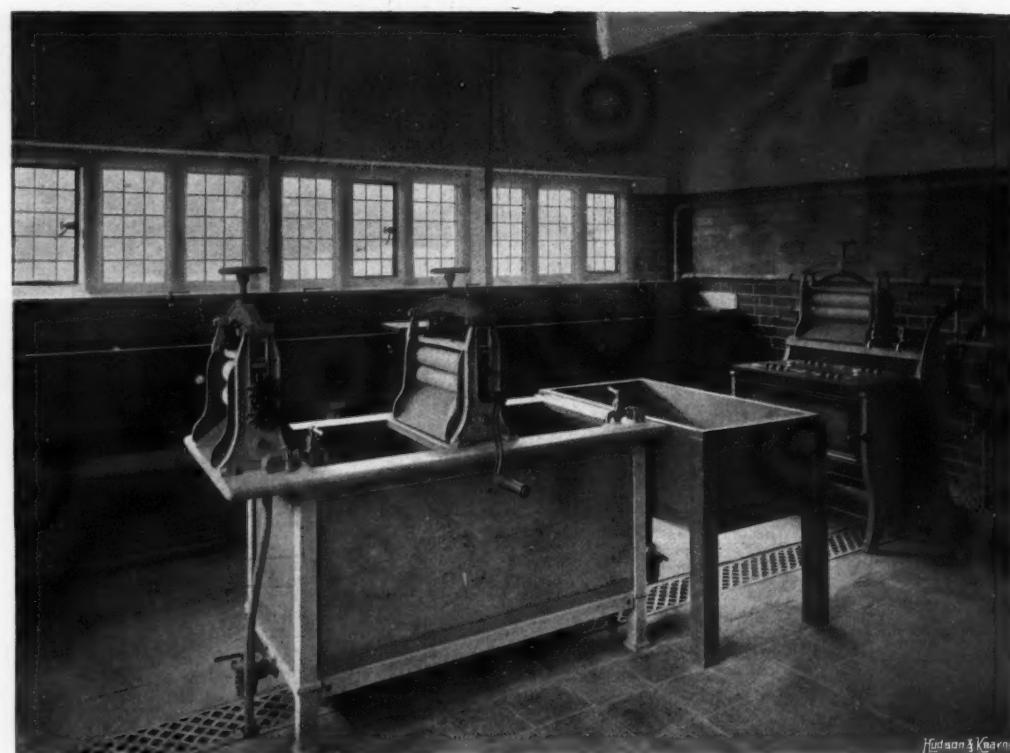
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THE ABBEY COTTAGES: FRONT VIEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It is divided into three apartments for the three main operations of dressing linen—one for washing, one for drying, and the third for mangling, ironing, and kindred work.

In the wash-house there is a set of three boilers; one of these is to supply hot water, the other two being for boiling clothes. There is also a very useful automatic reversing washing machine, an independent wood-lattice drainer, and, in connection therewith, a rinsing tank and a bluer. Both the rinsing tank and the bluer are provided with india-rubber roller wringers. Along one end of the wash-house there is a range of six washing troughs, mounted on iron stands, each having a separate hot and cold water supply, and waste carried into an open channel gutter. An open channel gutter is also carried through the centre of the wash-house, and the whole of these channels are so designed that they can be kept clean, and are quite isolated from actual connection with the drains. The hot water to the troughs, washing machines, etc., is supplied from one of the boilers previously referred to, which is elevated for this purpose. The whole of the fittings are supplied with cold water from a cold-water cistern, into which rain-water is pumped from a reservoir close by. THE LAUNDRY is fitted with ironing-tables against the walls, a large folding-table in the centre, and a useful box mangle; also with a pedestal ironing-stove and a steam circular folding airing-horse, and, in addition, rails for drying purposes, carried from side to side of the room. Between the laundry and the wash-house is a very convenient and well-arranged drying closet, consisting of seven pull-out horses, which



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## THE LAUNDRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

can be shut into a chamber when charged with wet clothes, and are drawn out for charging and discharging. THE DRYING CHAMBER is heated by means of radiating pipes worked from a heating stove in the laundry, and is thoroughly ventilated into the adjoining chimney. The whole scheme has been considered with a view to keeping it compact and inexpensive, cleanliness and economy being the first consideration. Both the school and laundry were presented to the villagers by Mr. and Mrs. Hudson.

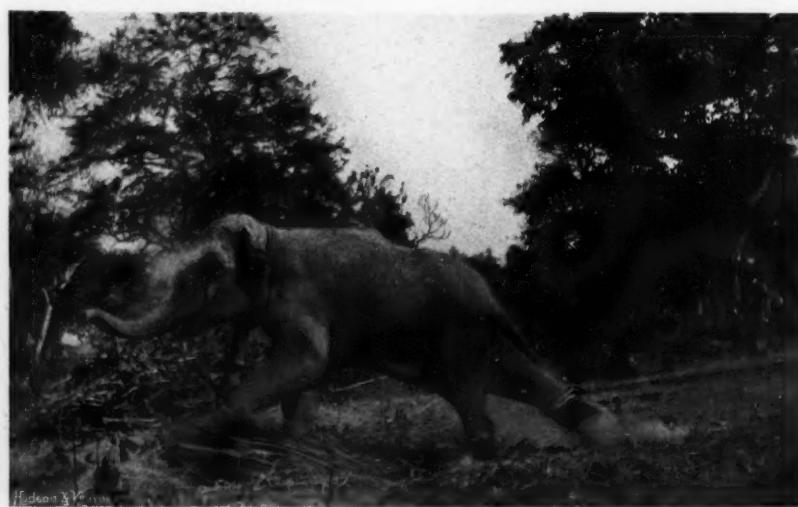
[The first article on Medmenham was published on August 18th.]



In a previous paper I have given some account of the capture of elephants in princely style, a method of capture that is followed by few, since it is not given to everyone to possess the necessary means, nor does everyone care to expend money without some more certain prospect of corresponding gain. Those who wish to make a livelihood out of elephant catching must be content to follow humbler and less expensive methods, and be prepared to endure greater privations than fall to the lot of persons engaged in operations on a more magnificent scale, comforting themselves with the thought that, while theirs is the greater hardship, theirs

is also the greater profit. A large number of wild elephants are yearly caught in the lower provinces of Bengal and Assam, the greater proportion coming from Assam, where such operations are more systematically carried on. In Assam there are vast tracts of country covered with tree forests which are divided into extensive blocks within natural boundaries, called mahals, and the right to catch the wild elephants which frequent these mahals is yearly put up to auction, and bid for by natives who make a business of capturing these animals by noosing them.

The rainy season is the best time of the year for such operations, and parties are then made up according as



TESTING THE STRENGTH OF THE ROPES.

people are disposed to work together, comprising from half-a-dozen to twenty or more tame elephants. Most of these are what are called "koonkies," that is, elephants that have shown a special aptitude for the capture of their fellows; they must be fast, strong, and intelligent animals, as well as interested in their work. Indeed, on the efficiency of the koonkies depends entirely the success of the expedition, and the possession of such trained animals is indispensable. If to them can be added a large male to keep order in camp, so much the better.

The party having been made up they proceed to camp in the forest, taking their provisions with them, and protecting themselves from the rain by building rough shelters of bamboos, branches of trees, and grass. They then proceed to locate a wild herd, and having found one they hang about it, waiting for a favourable opportunity to effect a capture. Large males are most carefully avoided, for our hunters have no means of tackling the larger animals; they will try conclusions only with females and young tuskers. The chief prize is a female with a calf at her foot, for she cannot travel fast, and if the mother be secured the calf will of its own accord follow its dam, and when the latter has been tied up remain *CONTENTED BY HER SIDE*. Some time may elapse before a favourable opportunity occurs for the hunters to secure a catch, since the best of koonkies cannot hold a wild elephant much larger than itself, and a suitably sized victim may not readily be detached from the herd, or being detached, may not be conveniently situated for capture—the latter an important consideration—for it is always desirable, if possible, to noose the wild elephant in some place as free as maybe from trees, bamboos, and cane brake.

The forests, I may observe, are not all unbroken tree jungle; in many parts there are open spaces, covered with grass of more



*A CALMER FRAME OF MIND.*

or less density, and the object of the hunter is, if possible, to find an elephant, more or less by itself, in one of these open places.

The koonkie goes forth to hunt barebacked, with a strong rope fastened round its body—the farther end of which terminates in a noose—that is held by the man seated on its neck. This man is called the "phandait," and his business is to manage the noose or "phand." Another man, called the "lohatia," is seated over the elephant's tail, holding on as best he may; he is armed with a heavy knob stick, and his business is, by repeated blows, to urge the koonkie at the critical moment to its utmost speed. The koonkie only carries these two men, who wear little beyond a waist-cloth. A wild elephant of a suitable size having been found in a favourable place, the phandait races



*RAISING A CLOUD OF DUST.*

the koonkie alongside, and, as the wild one shuffles off, he bends forward and skilfully drops the noose in front of it; the animal curls in the end of its trunk as soon as that touches the rope, the noose being then drawn up round its neck. Up to this moment the wild one has not made any serious effort to

escape, but as soon as the rope is tightened by the koonkie at once throwing its weight in the opposite direction, it feels the restraint, and away it goes at full speed through everything, dragging the koonkie after it. The pressure on the throat in the end tells and, half-choked, the wild one has to give in, but for a time the koonkie and the men on it must go wherever they are taken by a frantic animal that is only intent on breaking loose. As long as the men remain on the backs of their elephants the wild ones will not touch them. Why they do not it is hard to say, nevertheless, the men are, so far, safe; but they have an exciting time of it—that last rush being a thrilling experience—and it will at once be apparent why care is taken to noose a wild elephant in a place as clear as possible of trees and thorns. It is a marvel how the lohatia especially manages to hold on,



*CONTENTED BY HER SIDE.*

but hold on somehow they do, for accidents are very rare. A clever koonkie is a most valuable possession; it is generally a female, and soon learns to take a personal interest in the hunt, knowing when to range alongside and how to throw her weight against that of the captured elephant. The half-throttled captive when brought to a standstill is surrounded by some of the tame animals, which engage its attention while the men manage, with wonderful skill, to attach the necessary ropes. The captive is afterwards dragged off to camp and tied up to a tree, where it has its fodder brought to it and is generally looked after. It is not supplied with fodder on too liberal a scale, and whatever food is given has, of course, to be thrown to it, the captive resenting the near approach of man by rushing forward with uplifted trunk to the utmost extent of its tether, and testing the strength of the ropes with which it is fastened. All the ropes used by these men, I may note, are carefully prepared by themselves out of fresh jute, a large quantity of which is always carried about with them. Being made of fresh jute, these ropes are soft and pliable, and not so likely therefore to chafe the captured animal, while the care bestowed on their manufacture precludes all fear of their breaking under the strain put upon them.

When first tied up, of course the captives make strenuous efforts to escape, throwing their weight on the ropes that confine them in a manner calculated to test to the utmost their soundness. They afford a perfect picture of impotent rage as they strain at the ropes, raising a cloud of dust in their efforts to regain their liberty. It does not take very long, however, to tame them—a short allowance of food and the hopelessness of escape soon induce a calmer frame of mind; in fact, I have seen elephants within four months of their capture going about with men seated on their necks. Everything of course depends on the age of the elephants; the younger they are, the more readily do they acquiesce in their loss of freedom. The calves, indeed, require no breaking, they have very little instinctive fear of man, and very soon after their arrival in camp, at the heels of their captured mothers, may be seen wandering round, investigating everything with the aid of their tiny trunks; and great is the commotion if they chance to discover where the rice is kept, and strenuous the efforts that have to be made before a baby elephant caught stealing can be dislodged from its position over a bag of grain.

After their capture the elephants are sold to merchants who visit Assam in order to buy, and having made their purchases,



*CAUGHT STEALING.*

they delay only long enough to half tame the animals before marching them off to be sold. The smaller elephants command the readiest sale, and, proportionately to their size, fetch the best prices; hence, irrespective of the fact that they are caught with much less trouble, the value set on them ensures their being singled out for capture.

#### SLEEPY FLY.



*SOME BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN FLOWERS.*

In our rambles about gardens lately, the following flowers were very beautiful in bold free masses:

#### HELIANTHUS RIGIDUS MISS MELLISH.

There are many perennial Sunflowers, but none so bold and handsome as this form of the old *H. rigidus*, which is in itself a plant of much value. H. Mellish is named after Miss Mellish, in whose garden at Hodsock Priory it was found, and the true form is so rich in colour, tall, and vigorous, that a group is never passed by without comment even from the careless observer. The stem will rise 6 ft. in height and support masses of flowers, which are individually large, with many florets, pretty in form, and full yellow in colour. It is almost too vigorous in growth, the plant increasing rapidly by its underground stolons, and no soil is too bad. The writer has a mass of it against a shady fence. It has been there for two or three years, and is moving away from that part more into the border. These perennial Sunflowers have that power; they shift elsewhere in due time by their never satisfied strong roots.

#### ROSE GRUSS AU TEPLITZ.

Those who christen Roses should remember that a simple word is prettier, more convenient, and more appropriate than many of the concoctions of which all nations are guilty. Gruss au Teplitz is not so terrible as some of the names of Roses, but sufficiently ugly to seriously hinder the popularity of Roses less beautiful than this. Nothing could restrain a rosarian from acquiring this novelty. It is a hybrid tea, and flowers so abundantly in the autumn that one wonders, when seeing a group of it in the distance, what variety it can be so strong in colour. Its flowers are more like those of some hybrid perpetual Rose, of a full rich crimson, no purpling admixture whatever, quite double, and filled with perfume, as sweet and powerful as that of the old "cabbage" Rose—as if the queen of flowers could be like a homely esculent! We noticed Gruss au Teplitz recently in Messrs. Frank Cant's Braiswick Nursery, Colchester, a few days ago. It was as handsome a standard as a bush, and we believe it is quite a success under glass. A hybrid so beautiful in all ways should become quite popular. There is no over-abundance of Roses of a good crimson colour and richly perfumed. Fragrance, the most precious virtue of the Rose, is sadly faint in many modern kinds.

#### CACTUS DAHLIA STARFISH.

This is another autumn flower that thoroughly deserves a note. The writer was so charmed with it some years ago when it appeared that his garden has never been without a bed of it, as the bright scarlet colour is very effective at this season amidst the purples, blues, and lavenders from the Starworts, the white of Pyrethrum uliginosum, and the crimsons of the Gladioli, to say nothing of the surfeit almost of yellow from the Helianthus. Starfish is the most characteristic of the Cactus Dahlias. It has pointed twisted petals, a quite starry form, hence its appropriate name. These starry flowers, too, are thrown well above the leaves, and thus their warm colouring and pretty form are not hidden. Raisers of new Cactus Dahlias should make Starfish a guide in their future efforts. We should much like to know who raised it.

#### SWEET PEAS AGAINST HIGH WALLS.

A correspondent sends the following interesting note: "It sometimes happens that there are high walls, fences, or probably low walls in the pleasure ground, and summer flowers are desired to give the wall colour. It then becomes



*TO KEEP ORDER IN CAMP.*

a question as to what is suitable. For years I have used annual Sunflowers with good effect, but this year I resolved to set apart a portion of the room for Sweet Peas. Accordingly in April I had the soil moved deeply, when the Peas were sown. At first they grew weakly, but when they had grown on somewhat they improved. When high enough some light spray pea sticks were put to them, allowing them to rise 2 ft. or 3 ft. above the wall. The wall is 6 ft. high, and at the end of August the plants were 8 ft. to 10 ft. high, and a mass of flower. As there is a good mass of them they make a good show at a distance, and being creamy white (Mrs. Eckford is the kind) they harmonise well with the yellow Sunflowers adjoining. It is worthy of note how many a dull spot may be brightened by a little thought, and at little cost."

#### THE BULB SEASON.

This is the time to send in orders for bulbs, and in the majority of cases plant them at once. Of course one does not want to disturb the beds of flowers, but frosts will, we are afraid, soon end their existence. If present planting in the flower garden is impossible, groups of bulbs may be made in the border, and Daffodils sprinkled in the meadow or beneath trees, anywhere, indeed, where their graceful flowers are prettily shown. It is well to make, where space admits, masses of certain good kinds, say of Daffodils, Horsfieldi, Empress, Emperor, Barri conspicuus, cynosure, poeticus ornatus, not forgetting the smaller kinds, such as Johnstonei and Queen of Spain. Of the Gesner Tulips we cannot write too much. When the Daffodils are fading these glorious flowers blaze forth, the species *T. gesneriana* making splashes of intense colour. The writer can never pass by a bed or even a little colony of this Tulip in the full sunshine without looking into those big globets stained with indigo-blue at the base. *Spathulata* is the best form. *Fulgens* is another very showy Tulip, with tapering florets of deep crimson; and other good kinds for massing are *macrospila*, rose, very sweet scented, *retroflexa*, yellow, the curious thread-like petalled *cornuta*, and *Golden Eagle*, which are all late kinds. We should much like some of the *Muscari* or *Grape Hyacinths* used more freely. *M. conicum* is a beautiful flower, deep purple-blue, sweet scented, and will carpet a bank with colour. The following list of bulbs comprises the more important of this section of hardy flowers:

Anemones.—Poppy, and others. *Anterichums*.

*Calochortus* (*Mariposa Lilies*).

*Chionodoxa*, *luciliae*, *sardensis*, *gigantea*.—Very pretty in the grass, or in the rock garden.

*Colchicums*.

*Crocuses*, not forgetting the autumn *C. speciosus*; but this and the *Colchicums* are in flower now, so this is not the time to plant.

*Cyclamen*.—Hardy.

*Erythroniums* (Dog's-tooth Violets).—Very pretty in the lower part of the rock garden or in the grass.

*Fritillaries*.—Crown Imperial, Snake's-head, and others. — The Snake's-head (*F. Meleagris*) and its creamy white variety are very charming in small beds on the grass.

*Galanthus* (Snowdrops).—*Elwesi* is as fine as any.

*Gladiolus*.—Plant in March.

*Galtonia candicans*.—A handsome bulb, with a tall spike of white Snowdrop-like flowers.

*Iris* es.—The pretty *I. reticulata*, the Violet-scented Netted Iris, and others.

*Leu ojum* (Snowflake).—Both the spring and summer kinds. A very pretty way to use these is at the foot of trees, or in nooks in the shrubbery.

Lilies in variety. *Montbretias*. *Muscaris* (Grape Hyacinths).

*Narcissus* (Daffodils) in variety.

*Ornithogalum nutans*.—A pretty grey-green flower, very strong in growth, and will succeed in grass. Also the white *O. umbellatum*.

*Ranunculus*.

*Scillas*.—These are very pretty spring-flowering bulbs—*S. sibirica*, *S. bifolia*, and others—all of distinct shades of blue.

*T gridia* (Tiger-flowers).—Very rich in colour; named tiger because of the blotching of colour. The flowers only last a day, but a scattered succession is maintained.

*Trillium grandiflorum*.—A charming flower for a cool, peaty place in the rock garden, or in the woodland.

*Triteleia uniflora*.—Tulips.

#### A ROSE OF UNUSUAL COLOUR.

P. writes: "I know of no Rose that is so highly appreciated for its marvellous colour as Mme. Eugène Verdier, the Tea-scented half-climber of that name. There are so many Roses of similar name that it is necessary to be careful and ask for the Tea-scented kind if it should be wanted. It is described as deep chamois yellow, but the inside of the flower is sometimes so intense in colour as to remind one of the yolk of an egg. Although it grows rather tall as yearling plants, I should not plant it as a climber unless it be to cover a rather low wall. I have found that to cut its annual growths back to about 1½ ft. or 2 ft. each season is the best method to adopt in order to obtain the highest coloured flowers. It is a beautiful kind for conservatory pillars. This is really the type of Rose our raisers should endeavour to increase. In this particular instance the form and finish is not quite refined enough. Perhaps this could be remedied by cross fertilising it. We have an instance that such a result would take place in *Souvenir de Mme. A. Levet*, which is said to be a cross between Mme. Caro and Mme. Eugène Verdier. It is a very beautifully-formed flower, but rather lacking in vigour and very tender."

#### A HARDY BLUE WATER-LILY.

We hope the news that really hardy blue *Nymphaea* has been raised will prove true. If so, we have again to thank M. Latour Marliac for enriching our gardens with a flower we have long expected; and this colour will give a new interest to the water surface. From a recent note in a contemporary we surmise that the plant will not stand our winters outdoors, but will flower abundantly during the summer without any artificial warming of the water. Under these circumstances, even this hybrid is a great gain. *N. stellata*, which probably forms one of the parents, and *N. zanzibarensis* are both tropical, and can only be grown in the summer outdoors, in water warmed to a certain temperature. This, of course, means much labour and no slight expense.

#### ROSE GERMAINE TROCHON.

This is a beautiful Rose, but we never read or hear anything about it, probably because it does not reach an exhibition standard. At the exhibition form is everything, and perfume and colour minor considerations. We are not writing against exhibitions, but they are not the best places to know the Roses

that make clouds of colour in the garden. The writer was reading a most interesting note recently about this Rose, which has large handsome flowers of a yellow shade, deepening to quite a nankeen tone in the centre. Its leaves are glossy as if polished, and the plant is very hardy. In the note referred to it is mentioned that it is usually described as a climbing variety, but it would never do to plant it with the object of covering the front of a lofty dwelling. Roses of the rambling nature of *Reve d'Or* are best for this purpose; but let *Germaine Trochon* be grown as a bush or standard, and its beauty is soon revealed. The first year the plant makes growths about 5 ft. long. These should be pruned back to within 2 ft. of the ground, and the result will be five or six new growths, each bearing, when about 2 ft. long, crowned with a fine truss of blossom.

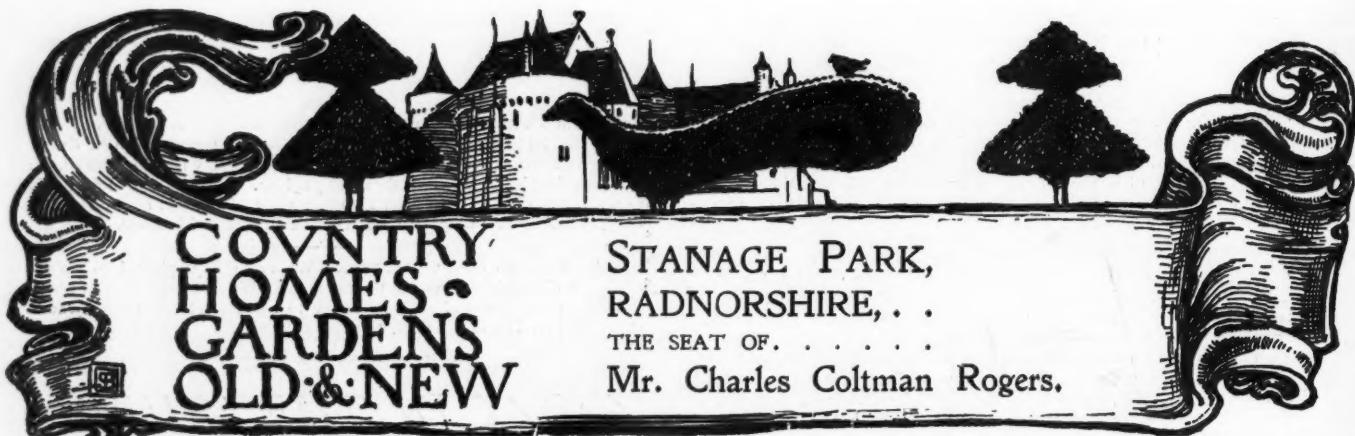
**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We are always pleased to assist our readers in difficulties concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.

## A DAY IN THE STUBBLE.

MANY pleasant memories are, indeed, called up when, as each September comes round, we renew acquaintance with the merry little brown bird. Although, owing to the steady progress of improvements in reaping and other kindred machines, cover for the birds is practically *nil* on land devoted to cereals, and shooting over dogs is almost impossible, partridge shooting still holds, and will always hold, its own in the sportsman's affections. What more delightful than to receive an invitation to have a day after partridges this fine September weather. Eagerly you accept, leaving undone possibly what you should do for the attractions of fur and feather. "I do not expect we shall get many," says your host; "birds are very wild and strong, but we can but try." Your host, his son, and yourself are the only guns, and the programme is to walk up the birds, with possibly a short drive or two after luncheon. The old keeper in his velveteens and stout cord breeches and serviceable leggings is waiting with two men and a couple of boys on the road outside his cottage. So all being ready, a punctual start is made; two well-trained flat-coated retrievers are close to the keeper's heels as you turn into the field of swedes and "line" out to walk it up. It is a perfect September morning, with just a snap of autumn in the air, a clear blue sky and a genial sun making your surroundings enjoyable to the last degree. Birds should lie to-day, as we have had no rain, and the ground crumbles under your feet as you trudge up the long "drills." Your host is in the middle, you are on the right of the line, whilst the other gun is on the extreme left. Halfway up the field comes your chance; with a shriek and a whirr three birds rise from the swedes and are away as if shot from a catapult. Bang, bang! You have missed with your first and "tinkered" your bird with the second as he goes away with a leg down. Your remark was *sotto voce*, let us hope, as you slipped fresh cartridges into your gun and again advanced. How one does hate missing one's first shot of the day. If you begin by getting your first few shots neatly, and in a cool sportsmanlike manner, it begets confidence, whereas, on the other hand, a few early misses are apt to make you flurried and nervous, though, I hope, will not cause loss of temper, that unpardonable offence in anyone worthy of the name of sportsman. I have seen the sickening exhibition of a man swearing at his powder, the light, the fit of his gun, or his coat, whereas it was most probably nervousness from want of constant shooting or being a bit out of condition which caused him to miss several easy shots. And it is the art of making sure of the "easy shots," the so-called absolute "sitties," which makes up the bag at the end of the day. The "gallery" shots are very effective at times, but your steady, reliable, though not brilliant "gun" is the one who gets most shooting in the season. You are, however, nearing the end of the field; your host and his son have each had a bit of shooting, and two brace have fallen to their share. A big covey of nine now rise to the middle gun, and turn on the wind towards you. This time you are dead on, and get a bird with your right and a "clip" with the left, which latter, though not scientific shooting, occasionally cannot be helped, and you now have three birds to your score. The large grass field near the covert produces a hare, which your host bowls over neatly, whilst his son brings down a wood-pigeon making tracks for an adjacent forest. Two large fields, one of beans, the adjacent one of tares and oats, which have been sown and left for the game, are now the scene of operations. These are worked carefully, and the coveys getting split up some nice shooting results. Confidence in yourself returns, and you are getting in your right and left barrels with good effect. Your host is shooting consistently, and the youngster is very quick as he collects a bird rising singly with the right, and rolls over a rabbit with the left as it scuttles out of the tares to the hedgerow. Luncheon-time draws near, and right glad you are to see the pony-cart waiting with a well-filled basket at the corner by the four lane ends. Owing to shortening days the midday meal must be necessarily brief, and soon, with your favourite pipe well alight, you are getting some pretty shooting in the adjacent stubble field. The ladies of the house party have possibly become additions to your ranks. Now, with all due respect to and sincere admiration for their sex, I doubt whether ladies who come to walk with the guns are an unmixed blessing. They will talk, and oftentimes ask heaps of questions as to things connected with shooting, but which take a man's attention off the sport of the moment. They are very liable to put any but an extremely consistent and regular shot off his shooting, and their criticisms on misses or wounded birds are apt to make their most devoted admirer wish them at least back in their boudoirs.

The afternoon is now getting on, and your host suggests a drive to wind up with. The guns take up their allotted positions behind a tall hedgerow, while the keeper and his attendants and two labourers commanded from the farm walk round to the far end of a fifteen-acre stubble field. Presently you hear the welcome cry, "Mark over!" and then the whiz and whirr of the covey as they come right down on you. Bang, bang!—bang!—bang! All three guns have had a go as the birds have scattered, and two brace and a half are down, all clean killed. Again the cry comes on the wind, and high over the hedge skim the birds, looking like brown balls, and three more fall. One, however, is a runner, but on the beaters coming up a retriever soon brings him with all tenderness to the bag. As you have your train to catch, it is necessary to stop shooting for the day. When the bag is counted, twenty-three brace of partridges, two couple of rabbits, a hare, and a wood-pigeon are the result of what has been a most sporting and enjoyable walk.

MARKOVER.



**S**TANAGE PARK, in Radnorshire, is the residence of Mr. Charles Coltman Rogers, who, before Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, represented Radnorshire in Parliament in the Liberal interest; and is at present chairman of the Radnorshire County Council and Intermediate Schools. It is in the Teme Valley, in that beautiful part of the county that lies most near the borders of Herefordshire and of Shropshire. It is said,

indeed, that in driving from Bucknell, the nearest station on the London and North Western line, one passes through bits of all three counties before reaching the house, the total distance being not greatly more than two miles. The house itself, which is a relatively modern one, having been rebuilt in 1807, is rather in the castellated style, constructed of the grey native stone. Its situation may be best described by saying that it stands on the apex of a pass between two of the Welsh hills, the ground sloping away from it in the direction of Knighton on one side and of Bucknell and Brampton Bryan on another, but on the other two sides rising steeply. Thus it lies protected from the most severe winds, while the outlook has all the attractiveness and sense of space that is given by a slope receding from the view.

Now, to paraphrase that which Dr. Johnson said about the strawberry, doubtless God might have made a more beautiful country than this, but doubtless he never did. Maybe it was some other than Dr. Johnson who first originated that remark, and maybe some other berry than the strawberry; but these are details affecting in no degree the beauty of the Radnorshire hills and woods—hills that are wooded down their steeply hanging sides, woods that are composed of the larch, the beech, and the oak, a composition that gives a pleasant variety, harmony, and contrast. It is the country, too, of the birch and alder, and of the bracken fern. In spring the beech woods are carpeted with the innumerable primrose.

It is poor work analysing beauty to its elements. All elements may be present, yet the whole may somehow miss the charm that attracts; and again the charm is sometimes found where the elements seem few. Here we have both elements and charm: the hanging woods, the fine lacy of beech foliage on the background of dark larch, the extensive distance, the blue hill far off.

It is a country of the rabbit as innumerable as the primrose. On the day of the annual rabbit shoot their numbers are reckoned in four figures. Emphatically it is a rabbit country, for in the extensive bracken they do no harm while they live, and when they die they need the shooter's quickest hand and eye to stop them galloping through the fern. Pheasants from these hanging



Copyright

THE PERGOLA.

COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—STANAGE PARK: A VIEW FROM THE UPPER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE SOUTH-EAST VIEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

woods are birds to astonish the wits of Norfolk. You may go a whole day's covert shooting and never have a simple shot. It is an education to teach you the kind of bird a pheasant ought to be, but rarely is. It is but a moderate partridge country, and the hare is a rare beast, but a few grouse linger on the heather-clad hills, and even seem to grow in numbers. The Teme, running through the extensive property, is a river of fame both for trout and grayling, in these upper reaches a better stream in the March Brown than the May-fly time.

The house is approached, whether from the west or from the east, by a drive of something like a mile from either lodge, the

road running between a fair avenue of beech, with here and there a beautiful view of the park, a park not of the pastoral peace of a level lowland country, but of steep slopes, often bracken-clad, dotted with thorn trees, gay in the time of blossom, and with taller beeches and cedars. By either approach you pass ponds, or lakes (if the name of more dignity be preferred), some well stocked with the trout of Loch Leven. The eastern approach is made hazardous by passing through the midst of the golf course, excellent after its kind, and having features that would make the visitor from St. Andrews feel he had something still to learn. A monkey puzzle tree is a hazard for which



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THE UPPER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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## THE BEECH AVENUE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the rules, even in their latest emendation, do not provide. By the other approach, through the ivy-clad gates of the stable-yard, you pass a three-walled "squash racquet court," admirable means of healthy enjoyment that so many country houses might so easily acquire, but so few are blessed with. On the lawn before the house are the courts for lawn tennis and croquet; and a "spreading cedar tree" (more prone to spread an excellent wide shade than the chestnut tree of the original) makes a pleasant roof for tea-ing under.

The sylvan beauties of Stanage, its fine oaks, beeches, and larches, are due to the well-directed zeal of a predecessor of the present owner, a younger son of Mr. Rogers of The Home, in Shropshire; who bought the property from the De Bramptons, the original owners, in 1779. It "original" may imply a length of title hard to prove, we may at least safely say that Stanage had been for many generations a holding of the De Brampton family. It was this Mr. Charles Rogers, the purchaser of the estate, that rebuilt the present house, and further planted trees in such numbers and with such success that either he or his son, who followed him in this well-doing, received a gold medal from the Society of Arts and Commerce, in recognition of their planting of the oak trees on which it was at that time conceived that Great Britain's maritime strength depended—the "hearts of oak" dear to the patriotic ballad-monger.

In the laying out of the gardens that bend upward

from the back of the house and enjoy just the right southern exposure, its true value has been given to masonry as a setting and a set-off for the floral greens and more varied hues. The herbaceous border is here a joy, and the value of such adjuncts as the classical fountain and Italian sundial has not been forgotten. The flower garden gives place to the kitchen garden as one mounts the hill, and at the highest point, against the



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## SPRING FLOWERS ON THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

top walls, are set the very productive peach-houses, in the situation for catching, the longest and most ardently, all the sun rays from the south. And so garden gives place again to woodland, a very pleasant woodland set upon a round-topped knoll, with mossy paths leading and misleading round it—for they involve the stranger in much perplexity.

At a point of view named "Jubilee Point," where the bonfire and tarry beacon were lighted on Jubilee night, there is a fine view across the valley of the Teme to the high Stow Hill opposite, on top of which the grouse live, and to Stow Church westerly. Then, as if the natural perplexity of these circumambient paths of the knoll did not suffice, it has pleased some proprietor to spend his ingenuity in creating a copy of the maze of Hampton Court in the middle of the wood, so that it is possible for a lost soul to wander days there without exit, until famine forces him to break fence (an issue to which ten minutes of the maze reduces the mortal of average mould) in a manner reminiscent of some of the vagaries of Spenser's people in "The Faerie Queene."

Stanage is in no sense a show place, lying too far from the common beaten track to be gaped at by the eyes of the multitude, though in the beauty of its setting it is beaten by no show place, so recognised; and that being so, it is perhaps not well to pry too nearly into that which is not public; but a glance through the windows may find rooms of fine proportion, with a specially good bay window of the dining-room lying rather behind the cedar that the pictures show on the lawn. Some of the oak furniture is worth much more than a glance. Many heads of the red deer adorn the walls of the billiard-room, and elsewhere are masks of fox and otter and so on, telling their tale. Boomerangs and weapons of an Antipodean flavour suggest Australia as, for a while at least, the home of some members of the family.

The Corporation of Birmingham is running the mains of its water supply from the lake of Rhyader through all this beautiful country. This has all the sound of an unlovely business, but thanks to the disposition of water to the low levels



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"WHERE THE PRIMROSE GROWS"

"COUNTRY LIFE."

it is generally useful to run the pipes along the valley lines, so that once they are laid the office against the picturesque will not be rank. Here and there it has been needful to carry them over a humble hill top, but, happily, not on the estate of Stanage. At certain times of the year, when trees have been felled, a singular industry may be studied in the Stanage woods. This is the industry of the clogmaker—maker of those wooden "understandings" that lift the people of the Black Country out of the black ooze that for at least half the year is their soil. Pictures of the clogmakers and their work appeared lately, with an account of their life and labours, in COUNTRY LIFE.

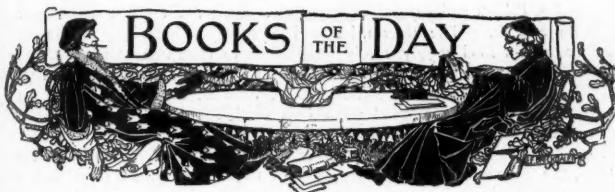
It is a country of excellent farmhouses, with a tenantry that employ their business part in agriculture, part in pastoral pursuits, the cattle being chiefly the white-faced things of Hereford. In all habits of life and mind the tenantry are as staunchly conservative as a people with every reason to be satisfied with their fate and fortune ought to be. And considering that they live among the Welsh hills, they seem singularly free of superstitions.



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"FROM THE EAST."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



**T**HREE are some persons in England who pretend that they have lost interest in the South African War and the newspapers and books in which its history is being recorded. This is rather an unworthy attitude to take up. It is probably true that we no longer rush to our newspaper in the morning and turn to the war news with the passionate eagerness and curiosity with which we did so a few months ago. War is a grim business, and, after the first excitement is over, we set our teeth and settle down to it as such, and no longer treat it as if it were some more than ordinarily thrilling entertainment whose various phases give us some of the pleasures of a play. We follow its course steadily and soberly, wishing it were over, no doubt hoping for some final and conclusive victory that will end it, but not throwing our hats in the air much nor cheering in the streets. But to affect to have "lost interest in the war," as some people do, is a very different matter; and as long as brave men are fighting for us in Africa, it is, to say the least of it, an ungracious pose to pretend to care nothing about reading what they are doing. Therefore, though the war fever is a little over, and war literature is less sought after than it was a few months ago, I have chosen two of my books of the day from among the war books.

First, I should like to say something of "Besieged with B.-P.," by J. Emerson Neilly, war correspondent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in Mafeking, which Mr. Pearson has published at the modest price of one shilling. Mr. Neilly has a magnificent story to tell, full of heroism, of humour, and of pathos. Unfortunately he has not a very vivid or picturesque style at command, and at times his narrative is somewhat journalistic. But the value of his "Full and Complete Record of the Siege" is so considerable in other ways that one could forgive many more defects in the telling than can be laid to Mr. Neilly's charge. Throughout, his story is told with spirit. Here is a well-drawn scene, excellently observed and touched in with real skill. It comes after the description of the unsuccessful attack on Game Tree Fort:

"There were some affecting scenes in the cemetery, where the dead had been brought, when the living trooper met his dead chum; but none was more touching than the case of a man who went down the line anxiously looking for somebody until he stopped before a bearded young fellow who wore a smile in death. He regarded the face for a space, then stooping down he patted the cheek and said—

"Jack! Jack, you dear old fellow! Looking such a toff among your dead pals!"

"Then the strong fellow broke down and went away sobbing.

"In the dusk of the evening we assembled in the cemetery to bury our brave dead. Colonel Baden-Powell was there with bowed head and sorrowful men; Lord Edward Cecil was there, and all the Staff officers; and Colonel Hore and all the officers of the Protectorate Corps. Before the last sad rites had begun, the enemy's big gun sent two shells over the town. Soldiers fled in with their rifles reverent. They included the unwounded remnant of the little party that had fought. They surrounded the grave in which the men lay side by side, comrades in death as in life. Having presented arms to the departed, they rested on arms reversed, while the chaplain recited the Burial Service, with its wealth of hope, and thanks that our brothers had been released from their labours.

"He said the 'Benediction,' and the firing party shouldered and then presented arms. We heard the whisper of Lord Edward Cecil—

"Buglers, sound 'Last Post.'"

"And the long call was sounded over the graves of the men who had fallen as all true soldiers wish to fall, and who had 'turned in' to await the great Réveille that will awaken sleeping soldier and civilian alike. We never fired over the graves, from fear of alarming the enemy lying so close to us and drawing his fire, but as we were returning to town heaven's artillery boomed peal after peal, and what more fitting volley could be fired over the dust of men who had faced and defied the more dangerous earthly thunder and nobly died as they fronted it?"

There is an excellent account in the book of Elöff's gallant attempt to "rush" Mafeking, an attempt that might—who knows?—have been successful if Snyman had supported it with resolution; and the description of Elöff's surrender to his own prisoner, Colonel Hore, when his own men were deserting him and he found that he could no longer hold the fort he had taken, is most graphic. Mr. Neilly's opinion of Snyman, and indeed of the Boers generally, is hardy complimentary. He writes with pardonable bitterness of the constant firing on buildings in Mafeking which flew the Red Cross, of the looting of the dead and wounded, the cruelty to native women, and other uncivilised, barbarous acts. But one must remember that with the utter lack of discipline which characterised the Boer forces, a commander, however well intentioned, might find it difficult to prevent outrages of this kind, from time to time, though there is the damning fact against the besiegers of Mafeking that such breaches of the usages of civilised warfare were repeated with unpardonable frequency. But if Mr. Neilly is not very gentle in his criticisms of the Boers in these respects, he is not sparing of praise where praise is due, and his appreciation of General Baden-Powell and Lord Edward Cecil is worth quoting as a set-off to what I have said about his judgments above:

"Before now Baden-Powell had made his name in Africa—in Ashanti and Rhodesia and elsewhere. His doings as a scout had raised him to a pinnacle as dizzy as that upon which Buffalo Bill himself stood in his palmiest days, and made him the talk of the cavalry world. The natives up-country knew him. To them he was 'the Wolf that never sleeps,' and they still remember him and talk of him. In Mafeking I verily believe he seldom if ever slept. I often saw him lying on his stoop in a reclining chair with his eyes closed, but his alertness and wakefulness were there all the same. At all hours of the night I saw him prowling around the veldt, and coming in at dawn with the usual whistle going; and the sentries told many stories of a figure that pounced upon them out of the silent darkness while they kept their vigils and gave them advice—a figure that turned out to be that of the commander.

"He was a mild-mannered, fresh-looking Hussar captain when I first met him years ago. Since then he has lost the softness of his unplucked young

Hussar days. He is seasoned, he is knowing, he is trained in the most refined tricks and artifices of war, and it would take a sharp enemy to outwit the man who held Mafeking. He was the right man for the work. Had we been sent a general from India with a bad liver and a gruff manner he would have had the town about his ears in mutiny, if he had not rashly left us at the mercy of the Boer by bringing us out. The position demanded tact in the handling of a population full of sturdy independence as well as military training; a 'hang him at sunset' officer would never have held the fort.

"Lord Edward Cecil won admiration too. He is a mass of smiles and affability, and the patience he displayed in carrying out the laborious duties of chief staff officer in the most trying circumstances entitles him to be canonised some day. His work was full of worries, and was as diverse as a cargo of Yankee 'notions.' He had to look after reports, issue orders, keep his finger on the pulse of the town, know what people were thinking and saying, write, dictate to his typist, and sit on the bench of the court of summary jurisdiction. Added to these few duties, he had to act towards the colonel much as an adjutant has to act towards his commanding officer."

Mr. Neilly in his last chapter boldly claims for the defence of Mafeking that it was not merely morally, but also materially of enormous value to us in this war, and in this he is right. The effect in Rhodesia of the fall of the little town would unquestionably have been a disaster, and those who went through the sufferings of the siege have the satisfaction of knowing that their courage and patience were not displayed in vain.

The other war book which I should like to notice this week is Mr. Howard C. Hillegas's "With the Boer Forces," which Messrs. Methuen have published. Mr. Hillegas was correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and seems to have had great opportunities for seeing the main incidents of the war on the Boer side and, if I may say so, from the Boer standpoint. If Mr. Neilly



THE STABLE GATES AT STANAGE PARK.

is somewhat severe in his estimate of our enemies, Mr. Hillegas seems to me to be decidedly too flattering in his. His picture of the Boer is of a gentle, shrewd, kindly, humorous rustic, hating war, yet fighting doggedly for his country and freedom, the victim, in fact, of our rapacious Government. If I do Mr. Hillegas an injustice in summarising his attitude in this way, I do not do it intentionally, but that certainly seems to me the impression which his book conveys. One advantage he undoubtedly has over Mr. Neilly. He writes better. His style is vivid and sympathetic, easy to read, and suggestive. And though he writes as a pro-Boer (if the expression be permitted), his temper is admirable. He is never violent in denunciations. His praises of our foes are not couched in extravagant superlatives. Altogether, though I cannot agree with Mr. Hillegas's estimate of the Boer, I feel bound to say that he expresses it in the most polished fashion. Here is an interesting description of the Boer on command:

"When once the Boer left his home he became an army unto himself. He needed no one to care for himself and his horse, nor were the leaders of the army obliged to issue myriads of orders for his guidance. He had learned long before that he should meet the other hunters of his ward at a certain spot in case there was a call to arms, and thither he went as rapidly as his pony could carry him. When he arrived at the meeting-place he found all his neighbours and friends gathered in groups and discussing the situation. Certain ones of them had brought with them big white-tented ox-waggons for conveying ammunition, commissariat stores, and such extra luggage as some might wish to carry; and these were sent ahead as soon as the field-cornet, the military leader of the ward, learned that all his men had arrived from their homes. The individual hunters then formed what was called a commando, whether it consisted of fifteen or fifty men, and proceeded in a body to a second prearranged meeting-place, where all

the ward-commandoes of a certain district were asked to congregate. When all these commandoes had arrived in one locality, they fell under the authority of the commandant who had been elected to that post by the burghers at the preceding election. This official had received his orders directly from the Commandant-General, and but little time was consumed in disseminating them to the burghers through the various field-cornets. After all the ward-commandoes had arrived, the district-commando was set in motion toward that part of the frontier where its services were required."

Here again is a picture of the Boer troops and their attitude towards the war, which is worth quoting if only because the point of view from which it is written is so different from that which we, most of us, I think rightly, hold to:

"The Boer army, like Cromwell's trooper, could fight as well as pray, but in reality it was not a fighting organisation in the sense that warfare was agreeable to the burghers. The Boer proved that he could fight when there was a necessity for it, but to the great majority of them it was heart rending to slay their fellow human beings. The Boer's hand was better adapted to the stem of a pipe than to the stock of an army rifle, and he would rather have been engaged in the former peaceful pursuit had he not believed that it was a holy war in which he was engaged. That he was not eager for fighting was displayed in a hundred different ways. He loved his home more than the laagers at the front, and he took advantage of every opportunity to return to his home and family. He lusted not for battle, and he seldom engaged in one unless he firmly believed that success depended partly upon his individual presence. He did not go into battle because he had the lust of blood, for he abhorred the slaughter of men, and it was not an extraordinary spectacle to see a Boer weeping beside the corpse of a British soldier. On the field, after the Spion Kop battle, where Boer guns did their greatest execution, there were scores of bare-headed Boers who deplored the war, and amidst ejaculations of 'Poor Tommy,' and 'This useless slaughter,' brushed away the tears that rolled down over their brown cheeks and beards. Never a Boer was seen to exult over a victory."

Mr. Hillegas is interesting on the subject of Boer mobility:

"One of the primary reasons why the Boer could move more rapidly than the British was the difference in the weight carried by their horses. The Boer paid no attention to art when he went to war, and consequently he carried nothing that was not absolutely essential. His saddle was less than half the

weight of a British saddle, and that was almost all the equipment he carried when on a trek. The Boer rider and equipment, including saddle, rifle, blankets, and a food supply, rarely weighed more than two hundred and fifty pounds, which was not a heavy load for a horse to carry. A British cavalryman and his equipment of heavy saddle, sabre, carbine, and saddle-bags, rarely weighed less than four hundred pounds—a burden which soon tired a horse. Again, almost every Boer had two horses, so that when one had been ridden for an hour or more he was relieved and led, while the other was used. In this manner the Boers were able to travel from twelve to fourteen hours in a day when it was absolutely necessary to reach a certain point at a given time. Six miles an hour was the rate of progress ascribed to horses in normal condition, and when a forced march was attempted they could travel sixty and seventy miles in a day, and be in good condition the following morning to undertake another journey of equal length."

Mr. Hillegas devotes a chapter to the Boer generals, which is quite worth reading to those who have followed the fortunes of the various commandoes with attention, and who are even now eagerly watching the movements of Botha and De Wet. In his appendix he makes the amazing assertion that the Boers have never had more than 30,000 men under arms, of whom more than half were never in the mood for fighting. This estimate, I imagine, is not meant to include the 8,000 or 9,000 volunteers or mercenaries (I will not dispute about names) who, according to Mr. Hillegas himself, had joined the Boer side. But under any circumstances the number which he gives seems greatly under-estimated, and, as he admits, does not correspond even remotely with the various estimates which other persons with fair opportunities for forming an opinion have given us.

But I will not quarrel with Mr. Hillegas. Politically I disagree with him totally, and I think that perhaps his facts are sometimes unintentionally coloured by his opinions; but his book is essentially readable, it is temperate, and it contains much that is new and fresh. We therefore part good friends.

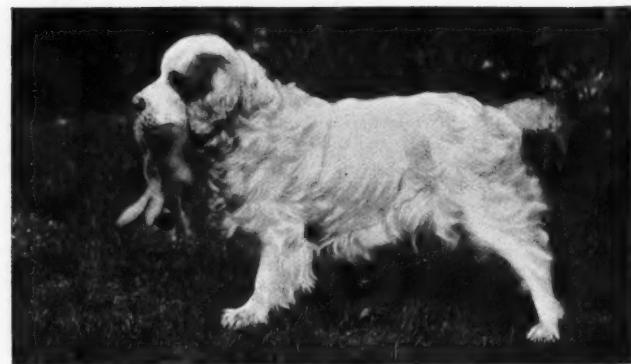
I must devote my last half-dozen lines of space to mentioning that a new edition of Mr. D. C. Boulger's "Short History of China" has been published by Gibbons and Co., with an additional chapter by another hand continuing the history from 1890 to the present date. Mr. Boulger's book is already well known, and this new edition should have a special value at this time.

## FAMOUS KENNELS.

**I**T is an encouraging sign of the times to find that the interest and attention paid by British sportsmen in the working capacity of their dogs is steadily on the increase. This has not always been the case, as the practice of driving game has necessitated fewer working pointers and setters being kept, the result of which is that of late years these valuable old varieties have lost ground to such an extent that it at one time seemed possible they might become practically extinct. Recently, however, there has been evidence of a very welcome change in public opinion, as the increased importance that has been attached to field trials and the additions to the number of these fixtures prove conclusively,

At the same time there are many breeders who, possessing an eye for the beautiful, have not failed to recognise the fact that a good working dog need not necessarily be a three-cornered-looking mongrel, any more than that a handsome one must, in consequence of his good looks, be useful in the field. Amongst these owners of sporting kennels is Mr. F. Winton Smith of the Beeches, Boreham Wood, Herts, who can justly take credit for being as successful on the show bench and at the field trials which he patronises as most of his contemporaries, whilst the reputation of his sporting dogs is assuredly second to none.

In the case of a kennel which contains every variety of field



C. Reid.

BEECHGROVE PERDRIX.

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dog, it is not an easy task to select any one particular variety as the principal one of the establishment, but perhaps spaniels in their different varieties are nearer Mr. Winton Smith's heart than any other breed.

He has certainly been marvellously successful with these dogs. As an instance of this the victory of his Clumber bitch, Beechgrove Bee, at the Spaniel Club's Field Trial Meeting last January, may be referred to, whilst her previous success in winning two stakes at the Sporting Spaniel Trials bears additional evidence to her merits. Beechgrove Bee has, moreover, proved a winner of the highest honours at some important dog shows, and consequently may be accepted as representing that great desideratum of the true sportsman—a really good-looking working dog.

There is, however, no denying the fact that a very great deal of diversity of opinion now exists amongst spaniel breeders upon the question of type, one party denouncing the long-bodied, ultra-short-legged show dog, whilst the other declares that for all practical purposes it is everything that is required. No doubt there is a great deal that can be said on behalf of either view of the case, whilst the opinions of the extremists on both sides may safely be disregarded. The fact that the spaniel, from which the setter doubtless was produced, was originally



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

BEECHGROVE MINETTE.

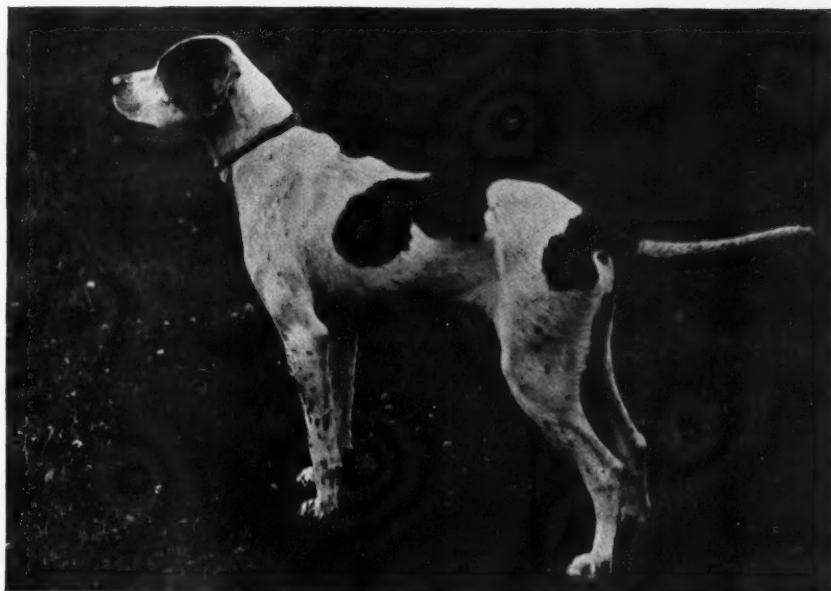
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a leggy dog, is, of course, an argument which the opponents of the modern show animal use with effect in the course of their discussions; but men who have not adopted an extreme view of the case can reply that the spaniel is not the only breed of dog which has changed its appearance during the past century, and that, in consequence, if the alteration that has been effected in his shape and make is to be regarded as detrimental to him, the same rule should apply to other breeds.

No doubt, however, the extremely short-legged, long-bodied spaniels are not liked by many sportsmen, but they certainly fill the eye to greater advantage than do many animals of the so-called working type—which, by the way, appears to exist in a good number of forms—whilst, if any lesson was taught from the class for working spaniels which appeared at the last dog show at Birmingham, it would appear to be that they possess no sortiness amongst them, but are capable of being judged haphazard.

Mr. Winton Smith's ideas, therefore, of combining the good-looking with the utility form of spaniel should be acceptable to both sides, as he has proved that a thorough workman need not be a hideous monstrosity in the shape of dog-flesh. A result of this has been that successes attend his kennel both on the show bench and at field trials; whilst he is in the enviable position of being able to dispose of all the animals he desires to part with to sportsmen of all degrees, amongst his patrons being the Sultan of Turkey, who has conferred upon Mr. Smith the insignia of the Imperial Order of the Mejidie, in token of the satisfactory nature of their business transactions. Included at the present time in Mr. Winton Smith's kennels are a number of very excellent Clumber spaniels in addition to Beechgrove Bee, Mr. Smith being a very firm believer in the working capacity of this ancient and picturesque breed, which is a mute, though most reliable, hunter, and which has been popular amongst sportsmen almost for generations. A particularly interesting picture of BEECHGROVE MINETTE and her puppies shows a very workmanlike type of Clumber, which her owner has considered quite good enough to represent him at field trials; whilst the successes of the good-coated BEECHGROVE

DONELLY have been numerous and important enough to entitle him to the prefix champion, as he has won seventeen first prizes and six championships at ten shows. Donelly, it may be added, is a dog who possesses the highly-prized golden tan markings so characteristic of the true Clumber spaniel, and in this



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BEECHGROVE BEN.

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respect is far superior to many of his opponents, whose shade is too dark. BEECHGROVE PERDRIX, a descendant of the Duke of Portland's strain, excels in head properties, and is a winner of first prizes at Whitchurch, Shrewsbury, and Clacton-on-Sea, whilst the illustration of BEECHGROVE DICK represents

a wonderful workman of the old-fashioned liver and white variety, known by some as the Norfolk spaniel, though this title is denied them by several high authorities, who allege that there is in reality no such breed. At all events, be this as it may, the liver and whites, though not very often successful at dog shows, have long enjoyed the privilege of having their merits fully appreciated by sportsmen, by whom they are regarded as a most reliable working variety of the numerous spaniel family.

In the liver and white pointer dog BEECHGROVE BEN there exist some noted strains of field trial blood, his sire being the famous gold medallist, Ben of Kippen, whilst his

dam, Duchess of Bolecord, has bred many field trial winners, Ben himself being a very fine upstanding dog, and as staunch as any sportsman could desire.

A capital representative of the best working type of English setter will also be found in BEECHGROVE PILOT, a first prize winner at Cruft's Show, Harrow, Leicester, etc., and a sire of field trial winners, which is a greater honour than many exhibition setters can justly claim. The flat-coated retriever, BEECHGROVE STELLA, bred by Mr. Winton Smith, has only been exhibited upon one occasion, namely, this year at Clacton-on-Sea, when she won a second and a third prize, performances which no doubt will be improved upon, as she looks a workman from the tip of her nose to the end of her tail, and at the same time conforms to all the accepted points which go to form the retriever standard.

In short, Mr. Winton Smith appears to have solved the problem of how to combine good looks with working qualities in his dogs, and, this being the case, may honestly be credited with having accomplished much. Unfortunately, dog shows have not tended to the advancement of the merits of the sporting varieties as field dogs, and therefore when the owner of a very large kennel such as that at the Beeches has proved conclusively that exhibition animals can be workmen, and every dog he owns conforms



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BEECHGROVE DONELLY.

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BEECHGROVE PILOT.

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BEECHGROVE DICK.

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to the latter description, he is entitled to the gratitude of both the shooting man and the one who only values his pointers, his setters, his retrievers, or his spaniels for their good looks.

### THE USE AND . . . . . . ABUSE OF SPURS.

MOST readers of COUNTRY LIFE have probably seen a report of a case in which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals obtained a conviction against a polo player for cutting a pony with his spurs. The prosecution was, we think, a mistaken policy on the part of the society. The better course would have been, in the first instance, to have reported the offender to the Hurlingham Polo Committee for breach of the rules of the game, which absolutely forbid spurs with rowels. The useful end of protecting ponies from cruelty would have been attained without subjecting the game and its players to the discredit which is sure to attach itself to them in the minds of unreasonable people. There are so many good and kind men and women who start with a prejudice against sports and games that it is unfortunate to attach the blame for a foolish action on the part of an individual to a whole class. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has given considerable annoyance to a section of its supporters, who may fairly object to the expenditure on a case the sole benefit to the cause of humanity of which is that it is an advertisement for the society. But there is another side to the matter which must not be overlooked. A great number of people wear spurs, most jockeys, and very many hunting men. Nor will anyone doubt that spurs are of use to the horseman, though we may be permitted in passing to remark that in spite of the evidence given in the Penge case their principal utility is not to hang on by. The value of spurs is, indeed, almost a paradox, for it is in inverse proportion to the use that is made of them. A spur is a stimulant, and, like other stimulants, loses its effect if used too freely. The legitimate use of spurs is two-fold—to keep a lazy horse up to its work, and to ask a special effort from a willing one. We are sure that in difficulties a touch with the spur has helped to extricate horse and rider, and to save a fall. Horses vary much in temperament, and some timid ones occasionally require a slight stimulus to make them jump off a bank or push through a thick place, while there can, we think, be no doubt that a big awkward horse floundering in heavy ground can be made to collect himself by the judicious use of the curb and the spurs, and so save much distress to himself. Indeed, every horseman will recollect many ways in which spurs can be usefully and judiciously used. But the use of the spur is in reality a test of horsemanship, for it is no doubt a disgrace to any rider to find, on dismounting, that he has pricked his horse unintentionally, still more that he has spurred him on the shoulder or on the stifle. The proper place to spur a horse is just behind the girths. Of course, in a rough country, where binders and bullfinches abound, it is not always possible to avoid accidentally pricking or even cutting a horse with the spur, yet in such countries are most

often found the occasions for the legitimate use of an armed heel. The present writer, who has hunted a good deal in rough countries and on horses of very various dispositions, has found in practice that it is quite sufficient to ride to cover with sharp spurs on, exchanging them for dummies before the sport begins. Or if that inconveniences them, to hack the slug or the timid horse for an hour or so the day before hunting in sharp spurs, wearing dummies in the field as before. We can always depend on a horse's memory, but we need not ascribe to him sufficient intelligence to perceive the difference between the spurs without and those with rowels by looking at his master's boots. Therefore, to a horse which has once felt the sharp spurs the mere touch of the steel on his side conveys the necessary message, and he makes a spring forward at the right moment. We may add that this plan has another advantage, especially for those who are particular about our appearance in the hunting field—that of enabling us to wear the long straight spur which is now the fashion. For appearance and smartness these spurs are undoubtedly admirable, but when armed with sharp rowels they are abominations. The old-fashioned short, heavy hunting spurs, slightly curved downwards, are on the heels of a horseman by far the most useful sort of the two. In cramped countries, spurs are, as we have said, indispensable, but in open flying countries a cutting whip is a far more persuasive exhortation to a sluggish horse. That the whip is much more humane or, at all events, more agreeable to the horse, we doubt, but it leaves no marks, and thus the use of it causes no self-reproach. But spurs and



C. Reid.

BEECHGROVE STELLA.

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whip are, as we have noted above, strong stimulants to be sparingly used, and it may be said with perfect accuracy that in the very large majority of cases he is the best horseman who makes least use of them.

There is one other case in which the use of spurs is legitimate, and that is in race-riding. However, on this we need not dwell, for there are so few race-riders, amateur or professional, who are fit to be trusted with spurs or whip, and so many races are lost by the use of them and so many are won by sitting still, that we may pass over this class of cases.

### AQUARIUS & THE TWINS

SIGNS of the Zodiac are not often illustrated so prettily as in the picture here shown, sent very kindly by Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE. But what better design for the Heavenly Twins, or for Aquarius, could there be than these two dear little otters and their watering-pot, in which the element they love is



TWO LITTLE OTTERS AND THEIR WATERING-POT.

present in just sufficient quantity for one of them to enjoy a temporary tub. It might be wished that the fish, which are to be their breakfast, had been there too. Then there would have been three zodiacal signs, completing the old rhyming list, which, after naming "The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins, the Virgin and the Scales," concludes with "The man who holds the watering-pot, the Fish with shining tails."



## AT THE THEATRE

PLAYS of the Cromwell period—or thereabouts—we have had in plenty, but Cromwell himself has very seldom been seen upon the stage. On those rare occasions he has been shown, more or less, intentionally or unintentionally, in travesty. The most noteworthy example, of course, is Mr. Wills's "Charles I.," played by Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum, in which Sir Henry gave so sweet and dignified a portrait of the King. But here, not only is Charles an angelic martyr, but poor Cromwell is hardly better than a melodramatic villain.

It has been left to Mr. Arthur Patterson and Mr. Charles Cartwright, in their new play, "Colonel Cromwell," founded upon Mr. Patterson's novel, "Cromwell's Own," at the Globe Theatre, to present to the stage a dignified, consistent, reasonable figure of the Protector, though we do not for a moment urge that the picture is sufficiently satisfying to prevent another author trying his hand at showing us the splendid rugged Cromwell who in many respects was the greatest man England has given to the world. Messrs. Patterson and Cartwright have not done that; their Cromwell is in many ways a common-place sort of person, with no grandeur or epic qualities about him; nevertheless, save that he most unhistorically forgives crimes against the military code in his own officers, the central figure of "Colonel Cromwell" places before us a somewhat striking and generally interesting figure, who might conceivably be Oliver Cromwell in his smaller moments. For that, our authors deserve thanks and some credit.

It is a pity, therefore, that having accomplished so much in one direction, they have done so little in another. "Colonel Cromwell," apart from the character of Cromwell itself, is merely ordinary melodrama of a rather crude kind. That it is obviously founded on a novel would not have mattered at all; but that it is founded on a novel to such an extent that no one who has not read that novel can understand anything of the motives which are animating the characters, matters very much indeed. All the people seem to lack reason. Nothing that they do has any adequate impetus. The impossible clergyman and the conventionally villainous Roundhead captain who plot against Cromwell, and commit all sorts of crimes in the plotting, do so without any cause vouchsafed to the audience. Nor are these solitary examples of a very serious fault.

Considered merely as ordinary melodrama, a series of incidents more or less exciting, "Colonel Cromwell" may stand, and may prove attractive to the less sophisticated playgoer. Especially may this be the case as the play is exceedingly well acted in many instances. Mr. Charles Cartwright, whose work, though always mannered and somewhat monotonous, is invariably interesting, trenchant, forceful, and restrained, gives to Cromwell a dignity and a calm vigour quite convincing and appealing; one's eyes are riveted upon him when he is on the stage. A very dainty, natural, and sweetly womanly performance is that of Miss Suzanne Sheldon, who plays the more important of Cromwell's daughters; tenderness is united to a gentle power and reality wholly delightful. Especially pleasing are her scenes of parting from her lover, in which she has the assistance of Mr. Dawson Millward, who has a very sympathetic method at these moments.

Miss Edith Cartwright, as Cromwell's younger daughter, Mr. Vibart, as a Royalist captain, Mr. Norman McKinnel, as the villainous Puritan, Mr. Goodhart, as a traitorous Parliamentary general, all act excellently. They have only an ordinary story to illustrate—a story of stolen letters, crude plots and counterplots—but they give spirit and colour to the old-fashioned incidents. In one "situation" of the play we get real excitement, and a chance for Mr. Cartwright. Unexpectedly returning to the camp of the traitorous general who is

urging a retreat from Prince Rupert, he unmasks the treason, urges the vacillating officers to attack Rupert, and fills the whole army with enthusiasm. This was the one "thrilling" moment of the evening.



THE revival of "Florodora" at the Lyric Theatre restores to the list of London's amusements one of the brightest and merriest musical comedies it has possessed for some time. Mr. Leslie Stuart's music is so uninterruptedly melodious and sparkling, the stage-pictures are so pretty, that a couple of hours slip by without a moment's dulness, save just a little way before the end where the ridiculous pantomime-ghost business is retained. But one need not wait for that. There are vulgar touches in the piece, and silly suggestive lines, but they are of a sufficiently cheap-club order not to be understood by ladies, so they do not so very much matter. Mr. Owen Hall's "book" possesses so many really clever lines that it seems a pity for him to descend to this sort of thing; and, though the lyricists have little grace or feeling for verse, they write amusing jingle which makes their straining after unpleasant smartness the less necessary.

The always excellent company representing "Florodora" has been considerably strengthened by the inclusion of Miss Florence St. John, one of the most perfect artists, dramatically and musically, the lighter lyric stage has possessed. She sings so sweetly, with such feeling, she acts so quietly, yet so sympathetically, with many a flash of fun, that "Florodora" gains much added grace from her presence. The humour of Mr. Edouin, the charm of Miss Kate Cutler, the *espèglierie* of Miss Ada Reeve, the lightness of Mr. Bradfield, and the pleasant voice of Mr. Barracough continue to co-operate with the mercurial stage-management of Mr. Sydney Ellison, who never allows a moment's pause in the bustle and movement of the stage.

THE last act of "The Price of Peace," the new Drury Lane drama, may now be described, to complete our list of the big scenes of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's play. The first scene takes place on the beach of a popular seaside "resort" of the cheaper class. A regatta has just concluded, the local member of Parliament, rather a funny sort of person, has just distributed the prizes; a group of "celebrities" is waiting to be photographed; the sands are crowded with niggers, children, donkeys, nursemaids, and the rest of them. Thence we are conveyed to the cabin aboard a fine private yacht. There is a collision, the side of the vessel is stove in by the great liner we have previously seen. The last scene shows us the sinking ship, which fades away from our eyes beneath the sea, till only the tops of her masts are left above the waters. On these cling two figures—leading figures in the story. From the harbour in the distance come the rockets, the life-line, and the heroine and her companion are saved. This reads like a realistic and exciting end to what promises to be one of the best of Drury Lane dramas.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey has returned to the cast of "A Message from Mars," at the Avenue Theatre, and the pretty and unconventional play has now its full attractions restored to it.

It is probable that Mr. Arthur Bourchier will produce Mr. J. M. Barrie's new play, "The Wedding Guest," at the Garrick Theatre on the 27th of this month. This, of course, will be one of the events of the season. "Walker, London," "The Professor's Love Story," "The Little Minister," have followed each other in a crescendo of improvement. "The Wedding Guest" will be a much more serious contribution to the literature of the stage than any of them. Of one thing we may be sure—Mr. Barrie will not, whatever may be the reception of his play, seek to give it a commercial "boom" by making silly remarks about the professional critics in order to start a newspaper discussion on the point and draw attention to his work. Mr. Grundy's "Debt of Honour" to the critics for all the encouragement they have given him in the past has been repaid by a most uncalled-for attack upon them. It is rather hard that they should be used as a peg upon which Mr. Grundy can hang an advertising dodge.

The present performance at Her Majesty's Theatre is the last in which we shall see Mr. Lewis Waller—for the present, at any rate. Thus will come to an end a more than usually long theatrical connection, for he has been under the management of Mr. Tree without a break since the opening of the playhouse with "The Seats of the Mighty"; but he had previously played many times under the aegis of Mr. Tree at the Haymarket. He has played a long list of famous characters at Her Majesty's and the Haymarket and has had wonderful

opportunities given him—surely he provides the actor-manager with a good reply to those who decry the actor-managerial principle, because under it no actor but the "star" ever gets a chance. Mr. Waller will soon be seen in management on his own account. This will not be his first undertaking of the kind, for, in conjunction with Mr. Morell, he has controlled the Haymarket and Shaftesbury Theatres.

PHÆBUS.

## ON THE GREEN.

**I**T is not a little hard to know just what amount of credit is to be given to the accounts we get from America about the prospective matches of Taylor and Vardon. So much has been reported about the former's doings or intentions that is obviously wide of the fact, that we are rather at a loss to know what to believe. The latest statement, that we may hope to be true, is that these two great players are going to meet in a set match, and we may further hope that it means that all causes for disagreement, such as we know did arise between them, have now been removed. Both are such good fellows, that it would be a thousand pities if a wretched misunderstanding were to remain unexplained and to leave a soreness rankling indefinitely.

The match, if it takes place, is sure to attract enormously, and we must all envy the Americans their chance of seeing it. At the same time, this "running" of the professional golfer by great firms of athletic outfitters is not at all in accord with the spirit that has always pervaded the golf, even of the professional class, over here. From the point of view of the game we cannot but regret it, even while we cannot for a moment blame the professionals, who suffer themselves to be thus "exploited," for picking up the dollars which so readily come in their way in virtue of their proved prowess in the game. These two—Vardon and Taylor—are, perhaps, the least likely that we can imagine to be spoiled by it all—both level-headed, self-respecting, modest men. But it is not quite the good old game that we have been accustomed to see, which even the professionals played out of sheer love rather than for profit, contented if in so doing they could pick up a comfortable living wage by the



W. A. Rouch. WAITING FOR DIAMOND JUBILEE TO BE SADDLED.

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way. Scotland, if she rankle at all under the inability of her own sons to win the championship of her own national game, may perhaps hug to herself the satisfaction that they are not Scotsmen whom the American manager or agent thus expels.

An excellent series of matches has been the outcome of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's tour in Scotland, which opened with a match against the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers on the latter's home green at Muirfield. On the balance the latter just won by two holes—a wonderfully close result of so many singles. Some of the matches were singular enough in their outcome. Mr. Laidlay, who has shown himself to be in his own old form again, notably by his remarkable score for the Tantallon Club's medal at North Berwick, perhaps came best out of the ordeal, winning by hole from Mr. H. C. Ellis in the morning, and in the afternoon beating Mr. Bramston by no less than five. We may take leave to doubt whether the latter most promising young player can have been quite in the form that he showed at the amateur championship meeting at Sandwich. In the morning he

had won by a hole from Mr. A. M. Ross, but in the afternoon the latter, victor of so many fights, received a terrible beating from Mr. H. C. Ellis. Indeed, the heavy wins and losses in the individual matches compare very strikingly with the closeness of the aggregate result. So queer a game is golf. Other matches of the team were robbed of no little of their proper interest by the absence of those two most promising players of the younger school, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Bramston.

A very close fight took place at North Berwick in course of last week, between big Braid and little Sayers. The latter had the advantage with him of playing on his own familiar green, but Braid, on the other hand, had the advantage of being what he is—Braid the long driver. This goes for something on the extended North Berwick course of to-day. A few years ago, before its extension, when it was very short and very tricky, we do not believe that either Braid or any other was Sayers' equal on it; but as it is, now, Braid won by a putt, and the general opinion was that Sayers had done bravely and well to hold the big man so hard.



**I**N spite of gloomy anticipations consequent on the dominant position of Diamond Jubilee in the St. Leger quotations, the Doncaster Meeting proved to be a brilliant success; and the big race itself, though the issue was never for a moment in doubt, was very interesting, showing as it did that a stable boy, with his head screwed on the right way, can make record time, even though he has to take his mount to the front a mile from home, while M. Cannon, who seems unable to shake himself clear of the senseless old system of deliberately losing ground and then endeavouring to regain it with one brilliant run, found Eloquence, though full of running at the finish, unable to catch the winner. His instructions had been to lie well up with the leaders,

and it is difficult to believe that a speedy horse like Eloquence could not have done this. He certainly did not do it, from whatever cause, and ten lengths or so given away at the outset of a race run as the Leger was from end to end means the race given away, unless the animal so handicapped is overwhelmingly superior. There is certainly no such possibility as making good ten lengths when the leader is doing record time. However, nothing would have altered the result, and the Prince of Wales's champion won most obviously on his merits, though not in the smashing style which Flying Fox showed us last year.

Never since the days of Rataplan, Stockwell, and King Tom—all sons of Pocahontas—has one mare produced three such colts as Florizel II., Persimmon, and Diamond Jubilee, nor is it by any means certain that the fourth brother, Sandringham, was not equally good, for I know on sure authority that he was well tried for speed with Ugly, and would doubtless have sustained the family reputation, but he unfortunately split a pastern and had to be turned out of training. Queen Mary, of course, holds an unsurpassed position, but not in the same way as Pocahontas, for with the exception of Blink Bonny and Binkie, the best of her family were grandchildren or great-grandchildren, like Blair Athol and Hampton. All her sons and daughters, however, except



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FRONTIGNAN LEADS THE WAY.

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Blooming Heather, who was second for the Oaks, won races. Her sons were Balrownie, Bonnie Scotland, Bonnyfield, Broomielaw, Bertie, and Blinkhoolie—the last-mentioned one of the best stayers ever foaled—while her daughters were Haricot, Brassey, Blooming Heather, Blink Bonny, Bab at the Bowster, Bonny Breastknot, Bonny Bell, and Bertha. Every one of these daughters bred winners, while among the sons Blinkhoolie established a line through Wisdom, and Bonnie Scotland was very successful in America. There is no need to deal with the later generation of Blair Athol, Hampton, etc., for enough has been stated to show that brilliant as is the triumph of *Perdita II.*—and in fact it is unique—her stock has yet much to do before really rivalling the descendants of Pocahontas and Queen Mary. The premature death of the Prince's mare renders such a result improbable, for she did not leave sufficient daughters to make sure of continuance in the female line.

It now begins to look as if St. Simon was going to equal Stockwell's great record among winning stallions in 1866, for there is another 10,000 sovs. race for Diamond Jubilee to win this year; yet the mighty Welbeck sire has been in a sense very lucky, for had Flying Fox's engagements held good after the Duke of Westminster's death—as in all less benighted countries than this they would have done—not one of this year's 10,000 sovs. races would have been won by Diamond Jubilee. It is easy to understand this when we remember that Scintillant should have beaten Caiman for second place in the St. Leger of 1899, but subsequently showed that no weight in reason could bring him and Flying Fox together, a moderate computation being that there was 28lb. between them.

This year, however, we saw Diamond Jubilee at Newmarket hard pressed to get away from Caiman at even weights, and this, allowing for the year between them, makes him not more than 14lb. the superior. All the same, Diamond Jubilee is a very good and improving colt, and will make a relatively better four year old than he now is.

Other racing at Doncaster proved Orchid to be clearly the best two year old colt of the present season, and this son of Orme, though not on a big scale, is sufficiently sturdy. He is moreover ideally suited to such a course as Epsom. Some thought Star Shoot should have won, but in that opinion I by no means concur, though Johnny Reiff would be better for a rest at the seaside. He has been palpably overdone with work of late, and to keep on at it is "killing the goose." Youth is a fine thing in its way, but extreme youth does not stand knocking about like maturerage. The really greatest race at Doncaster was that for the Cup, but it was spoiled by the mix up over the mounts, Sloan, who had been engaged for Merry Gal, having been suspended for the day, while with M. Cannon persisting in his bolt upright style La Roche was unquestionably heavily handicapped over and above her 10lb.

but there the question of riding again blocks the way. Against a head wind at Newmarket it is simply impossible for an English jockey who sits like a grenadier to beat an American or an English one who rides in American style, unless his mount be enormously the better. If it is impossible for our best jockeys to profit by the example set them, certainly some of the younger generation have an opportunity of making a position for themselves. It is of



Rouch. DIAMOND JUBILEE AFTER WINNING THE ST. LEGER. Copyright

course to be regretted that his Royal owner was unable to be present to witness the victory of Diamond Jubilee, as apart from the great race the sport was on the whole excellent, while the weather throughout was all that could be desired.

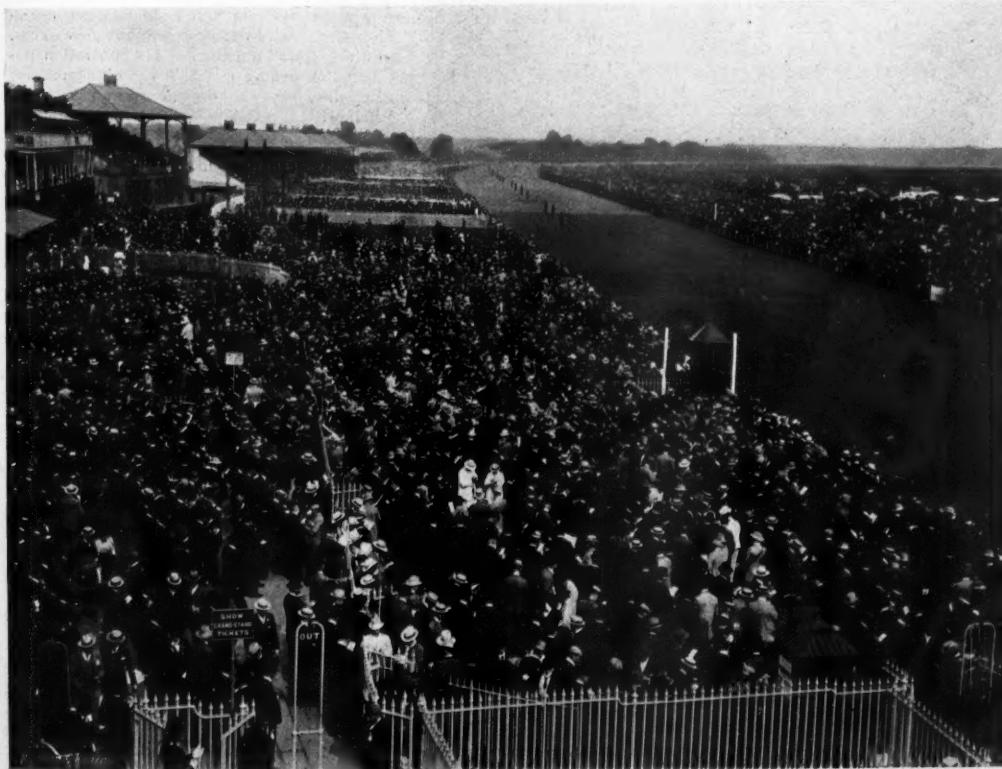
At the time of writing it is almost impossible to predict even what will run for the Prince Edward Handicap, but my impression is that Skopos will go to the post and that he will take a very great deal of beating, for on his Eclipse Stakes running he is a better horse than his handicap performances make him appear.

OUTPOST.

## OPENING . . . THE BALL.

**T**HAT the first day's cub-hunting should result in a run probably not often surpassed during the regular season is unusual and even irregular. Yet this is what has happened to me, and I hasten to record it while the happy memory of twenty minutes alone with hounds still remains clear in outline and bright in colour. I have a friend who is a Master of Hounds, and to whom I am generally indebted for some days' cub-hunting. My friend is, like myself, an enthusiast about hounds, and we are bound together by the tie of a deep-seated and long-enduring difference of opinion on the right way to breed a pack. The point in dispute is music. I love the melody of the pack, and would, it may be, if it came to a choice, rather please my ear with the rich music of a speaking pack than delight my eye with the perfect symmetry, the lovely curve of neck and shoulder, which delights my friend the Master. He is a hard-riding man and cares little for music, which only enables people to ride over the hounds, he says. Some seasons ago he had a beautiful hound called Tarquin (it was not his name, but never mind). Tarquin was perfect, but he was very, very light

in tongue. That was the way I put it, but so far as I know he was perfectly mute. In other respects Tarquin was perfection; straight as possible, with a neck and shoulders to delight the late Lord Gifford. Of a rich black, tan, and white, he was a handsome specimen of that handsomest of dogs—the foxhound. It was the Master's ambition to take out a pack of Tarquins, and this season and last he had put on so many youngsters of the family that, on



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DONCASTER: VIEW DOWN THE COURSE.

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penalty. Under the circumstances the American-bred King's Courier, well ridden by Lester Reiff, won, while even Chevening, with Martin up, all but beat La Roche for third place. Merry Gal was second, but taking a line through Chevening's running with Diamond Jubilee, she ought to have been a good deal further in front of Mr. Musker's colt, and with Sloan up she would probably have won. La Roche, notwithstanding her defeat, remained in favour for the Cambridgeshire;

the first morning I went out, he had no less than ten couple of them in the pack. It was a perfect cub-hunting morning, as at a quarter to five (a delightful hour on a September morning, if you can make up your mind to get up), a soft grey mist promised heat later, and the ground was covered with a heavy dew. I watched the warm greeting the hounds gave their Master, who was also their huntsman, as they came up; and five minutes later he Master, the two whippers-in, two farmers, and myself, and one lady, who was a newcomer, trotted off to draw the coverts. At the gate the gamekeeper joined us on a rough pony, and said, "There be two vine litters in here, zur." The Master and the hounds swung through the gate and turned short to the right, a little way up the ride, and began to draw. For half-an-hour or so it was all familiar enough. The cheer of the Master, the twang of the horn, and then a chorus, which, from that pack, showed what a glorious scent there was in covert, and what a very hot time the cubs were having. So we galloped up and down, and backwards and forwards, now viewing a frightened cub, now watching the pack, all thoroughly in earnest with such a scent, driving through and over the undergrowth like a river in flood. As I reached a spot where four rides met, a silence fell over the wood, broken only by the drip from the trees, the flutter of an occasional dead leaf to the ground, and once by the soft, clear song of a robin. Then there glided out before me a fox, an old one,



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COLT BY GALLINULE—TRAGEDY.

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COLT BY RIGHTAWAY—LADY VILIKINS.

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too, a beauty, and a big one. No cub that. He stopped and listened for a moment, not seeing me or not regarding me as the danger, and then went away swiftly, straight down the ride. For some moments I waited, and then Tarquin dashed out into the ride with his sons and daughters round him, all white and black and tan. The whole family, in fact, handsome, swift, and mute. The old hound put his nose down, and snuffed, whimpered, and then went scuttling off down the ride on the line of the fox. They were running, too, as if they meant business. My obvious duty was to keep them in view and to stop them if possible. The Lody of the pack were, as I could hear, running a cub down in a deep-wooded dell to my left. At a touch my horse sprang forward, and we swept away down the ride after the vanishing pack, already a flashing mass of black and white in the misty air. I looked up. I could see the opening in the trees, which told me we were coming out into the vale, and just then the first glow of the sun filled all the early mist with a silver radiance. The pack flashed into the covert to the right and disappeared, and I galloped right on, swung the gate, which luckily opened away from me, and came out into the first of a series of big grass fields. Almost as the gate clicked behind me I saw the little pack stream silently over the boundary fence of the wood, and, with but the smallest hover, take up the line and race away for the open. My plain duty was to stop them, and I rode, and rated, and cracked my whip. To

shout at a river in flood would have been just as useful. They were running as hounds only run on a burning scent. The early dew just warmed by the first rays of the sun often causes such a scent. Even the Tarquins whimpered with suppressed ecstasy when they struck the line. My resolve was taken to see the run if possible. There was not soul with me, and the nearest covert was quite six miles away. I would also save the fox's life from what was certainly, in September, an untimely death, if I could. How to ride to the pack was the problem. Hedges in full leaf and ditches blind as could be were one difficulty, and then with that silent pack, to lose sight of them was to be out of it altogether. In the first field was a gate, closed but well latched; in the second an open gate enabled me to hold my own. Hounds were gaining, nevertheless, and, as they dashed into a thick hedge, it was necessary to put on a spurt to reach them. A path and a stile were the solution, and in the next field they checked for an instant, cast themselves to the left, picked up the line, and went on. The pause slight as it was, enabled me to ride alongside them for a few moments, and then once more they disappeared into a hedgerow. This time I could see no gate, and had to chance the fence, which the horse jumped with a bound that cleared a hedge and a very overgrown ditch beyond.

The hounds were now a clear field in front of me, running down hill, and the slope enabled me to keep them in view. Away to the right I could see the spot of pink which I guessed was Jim, the second whipper-in, riding by lanes and short cuts to stop us. Had the fox swung that way he would have saved his life, especially as the sun, now gathering strength, was weakening the scent. The pace, the warmth, and some want of condition were stopping the horse, and the hounds were running not so hard, when "Oh, hold up, horse!" and I floundered into a narrow slippery lane, down which hounds began to run as hard as ever. It was evident the fox, after such a burst, shrank from facing the hill. Indeed, the end was nearer than I thought, for old Tarquin dashed to the front with his bristles up, and in a few moments the pack were growling over the remains of the fox at the bottom of a hairy ditch.

After dinner the Master, who had been a little glum, looked up at me and said: "You wanted some hounds for India. I shall have a draft to go soon." "How many?" "Ten couple or so." And I knew the Tarquins were condemned. But it was a good gallop.

## DONCASTER SALES.

THE sales at Doncaster were unusually successful, and all gloomy anticipations in connection with them were soon dissipated. Without exception the yearlings, to which special attention had been called in this column, made long prices, the highest figure being reached for the white-legged chestnut brother to Wildfowler, by Gallinule out of Tragedy,\* who was bought for Mr. James R. Keene for 2,500 guineas, and looks to be well worth the money. It was in consequence of the victories of Wildfowler that Sir Tatton Sykes bought Tragedy, again in foal to Gallinule, for, I believe, 4,000 guineas. Her produce was the colt which was sold last week, and it would seem that the mare is going to prove a fine investment. Mr. Keene left for America last Saturday, but the colt, who is heavily engaged in England, remains here, and will be trained by S. Darlington at Beckhampton, together with Disguise II., Running Water, and others, the property of the same owner. Orchid's victory in the Champagne Stakes on the first day no doubt served to encourage buyers of high-priced yearlings, for this son of Orme was bought by Lord Marcus Beresford for Mr. King at Doncaster last year for 1,300 guineas.

Although at the time Mr. Sirius's purchase of Toddington at the fancy price of 10,000 guineas seemed to be absurd, events have proved that, taking it on the average, allowing for all the accidents which may occur, and which are many, a reasonable price produces a reasonable article. It is true that Victor Wild's other prices are quoted, and quoted rightly, as bargains. But, after all, although in some cases, for instance, in that of Sir Blundell Maple, the best judgment and the most lavish expenditure do not always command success, a man who decries the best strains has small chance of ultimate triumph.

## HUNTING NOTES.

BEFORE I touch on last week's great run, I wish it might be possible to put before my readers a picture of the country hunted over. The marvellous beauty of the hunting grounds of Exmoor serves as a background which makes the grand sport even more attractive. Brendon Two Gates (there is only one) was the meeting-place of the Devon and Somerset on Wednesday week. As you climb the hill there is behind you a fine view looking over Brendon village, and towards



W. A. Rouch.

COLT BY ST. SIMON—LADY YARDLEY.

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the Great Hangman and the sea. Our meeting-place was near enchanted ground, for the head of the Doone Valley comes close to it. Being enchanted ground, and the Blackmores' Doone Valley being really Badgworthy Combe touched with imagination, it is better not to penetrate; that way lies disappointment and disillusion. But the hounds are at Tom's Hill, and Mr. Sanders, carrying the horn himself, trots off with the tufters for the North Forest, a wide, almost treeless space, from which you can see the moorland rolling away in successive hills, of brownish yellow and green, all just touched to-day with mystery by the grey haze that tells of heat. A sharp breath of east is in the wind, making the ground ride firm, yet with plenty of spring under the hoofs. The time of waiting does not seem long, as the tones and tints of the marvellous moorland grow baird and bright under the strengthening rays of the sun. A touch of pink against the brown flashes now and again, and proves to be Sidney riding back for the pack. The tufters have separated a good stag with all his rights and two and three at a stop from a big herd of a score or more. The hounds are baying with eager excitement, and stream joyously away with the field in their wake to the spot where the Master is waiting. For a moment or two the pack feel for the scent, and then proclaim it good with a burst of deep music which swells into a roar as the ecstasy of scent fills their hearts. Thereafter for a quarter of an hour they race. To hesitate is to lose the run or the best of gallops, to ride on is for some to fall, and we take the places of the unlucky ones if we can. It is just fifteen minutes ere we are able to take a pull, for which we are grateful. Yet horses seem to be in wonderful condition on the moor, and the old horse binds to the rein and cracks his nostrils as the pack swing to their leaders, first up and

leather if you are fourteen with the horse at the top to

then down Chettsford Water, one of the little streams which flow into Porlock Bay, and which used in my boyish days to swarm with small trout; but nobler game draws us on now. Luckily the pack can tell us where they are with no uncertain sound, and we hold on, more reckless of rough ground as the excitement and thrill of the chase take a hold of us. Yet this galloping fast over rough ground demands more nerve than any other form of riding. We cannot too often remind ourselves of the old pigsticker's maxim, "the better the pace the less the risk." Now give the horse plenty of rein; he can take care of himself better than you can take care of him, only be watchful to take a pull when you can. To shorten the stride if it be, as it were, only by 6in., is a great saving of wind and muscle; you may want all ere the stag be taken. How quickly the time passes, how the landmarks flash by, and are recalled afterwards as from a dreamland. There is Stoke Pero, loneliest of moorland villages.

"Culbone, Oare, and Stoke Pero,  
Parishes three no parson will go to,"  
says the old Devonshire doggerel.

Why the old rhyme should come back just when the Hawkcombe coverts swallow us up and the steep climb up Hawkcombe is before us, who can tell? It is worth while to dismount and scramble up Holmbush with the help of a stirrup stone. We may then take a bit of liberty make up; the stag must be nearly run up. He



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FILLY BY ISINGLASS—PANNONIA.

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has been viewed as he climbed the hill. A beaten stag, they say, always goes straight up, a fresh one sideways. This one is beaten, and Lord Lovelace's deer-fence, some way further, stops him, as it has done others as good before him. The last scenes, in which we, like Nature, have to be careless of the individual for the sake of the race, we may pass over. A gallant stag, a grand head, and a splendid run. Not an hour, you say? Well, after those ninety minutes, I for one could not have gone much further.

And now, to redeem a promise and tell of Mr. Peter Ormerod and his staghounds. The experiment has been a success. On their very first day they ran for twenty miles, aye, and took their stag handsomely at the end of it. A good mark to the kennel huntsman, by reason of the condition that enabled them to do it so well. This is hearsay, picked up while waiting on Wednesday. What poor man's stud is sufficient for two days' stag-hunting consecutively? Well, here is an outline for the benefit especially of Mr. Peter Ormerod's keen Lancashire followers, who are such sportsmen, and, I doubt not, readers therefore of COUNTRY LIFE. Sir Edward Chichester kindly invited the hounds to meet at Youlston Park. Mr. Basset was present—he has always wished to see the Barnstaple district hunted. As for the good folk of Barnstaple, they turned out in force. Every Devon man, gentle or simple, is a sportsman at heart.

The tufting was successfully accomplished and the pack laid on. There was a very moderate scent, and hounds had to hunt, and did it well. Most packs can kill if they have a screaming scent, but to hunt fairly up to a deer, and take



W. A. Rouch.

SIMONIA BY ST. SIMON—PAMELA.

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him in strange country a score of miles from the start, is a feat for any Master to be proud of. This is what Mr. Ormerod's hounds accomplished, killing their stag at Appledore after he had soiled in and crossed the river Taw.

Naturally, when away in the far West, not very much direct news reaches me from the Shires. The Belvoir, as far as I know, have not been out at all yet. The early harvest, however, has allowed Captain Burns-Hartopp to make a fairly early start. Of course, the Charnwood Forest side is always open early in the autumn to hounds, and among its rocky fastnesses and its stone walls is a schooling ground for young hounds not easily surpassed for its excellence. It is there that the Quorn entry learn the grammar of their work, showing us examples of its rules over the green pastures later on. Grimston Gorse, however, where a small field gathered in a dense fog at five o'clock on Wednesday, is in what may be fairly called the Melton country, in that part which in the regular season is always hunted on a Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Lowther, Mrs. R. B. Muir, and Captain Willett were among the regular "Quornites" who could be discerned in the fog.

No trace of the old enemy, mange, could be discerned in Grimston, but the cubs that came to hand were clean, bright, healthy, as young foxes should be. Two were killed in covert; this was business now for pleasure. There is an old, old, much-hackneyed saying, that riding to covert in Leicestershire is better than hunting elsewhere. But my correspondent assures me that cub-hunting on a cool morning, and with a dozen out and lots of room, is in the Quorn country better than any sport he knows. Just think, he writes, "A bold family in Scholby; four away in good style, and we with the fourth, hounds running well on the good line by Saxonby to Wartnaby. Going a bit hard, but plenty of scent for the hounds. The cub eventually escaped, but that is no matter; he has learned his lesson, and we have had our first gallop in the open. Then I went home, but I hear they found other fine cubs."

You ask for news or gossip from Melton; there is none save that Lady Warwick will not take Colonel Baldock's house. There is a great demand for moderate-sized hunting-boxes in the Harborough country, but there are not now a great many vacant.

X.

## THE GAME OF . . . . . . BAT AND TRAP.

**H**AVE you ever played bat and trap since the breezes blew about your little, bare legs; since the day when your limbs were placed in trousers and you passed, at one stroke, from infancy to boyhood? I don't know who you are, but, speaking collectively, I don't expect that you have. I will even go further and say that it is possible that few of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE have ever seen the game played seriously, with food and beer depending upon the issue.

For my own part, until last week I thought the game was extinct; as extinct as the good old dodo, the mail coach, '47 port, or unadulterated beer. So that, naturally, when I saw a bill the other day to the effect that a bat and trap match would take place at 4 p.m. in the village meadow, I made a point of attending it. At first I was inclined to take it flippantly, to regard it as a species of irrelevant hop-scotch or glorified tip-cat, and to look upon it as a game which need not be taken seriously. But I was wrong, quite wrong.

Down in the meadow by the river, where the grass grows thick and rank, and the bulrushes bow gently to the breeze, I found the pitch. The pitch, like the late capital of the Transvaal, is movable. Wherever the trap is placed, there is the pitch. No rolling is necessary, no subduing of eruptive hummocks with heavy mallets, no laying down of sods in bare places. The trap is placed on the ground, two flags are set up 16yds. in front of the trap and about 6yds. apart, a string is drawn across the ground from one to the other, and everything is ready. Primitive, is it not?

The trap itself is shoe-shaped, but the heel is hollow, and from the instep a short wooden lever projects. A tennis ball is placed in the heel, the player, taking up a small bat, raps the lever sharply. The ball flies out, and in another instant, if the player is skilful, it is flying far over the heads of the five fielders who are waiting eagerly for it beyond the flags; should one of them catch it, the striker is out. If, allowing his ambition to o'erleap itself, he misses the ball altogether, he retires; if his stroke, lacking power and strength, stops short of the string he must go; if one of the fielders in returning the ball hits the trap it is fatal; and, last of all, if the ball is thrown within a bat's length of the trap it is enough. So that there are five different ways in which the batsman can be defeated. But, on the other hand, every stroke which he makes correctly scores one.

The meadow is full now, for the match is part of the annual flower show, and all the town is here. Quickly they form up in lines on either side of the trap. Rough working men, uncomfortable with the burden of their best clothes; wives corpulent and self-satisfied, like pouter pigeons which bask in the sun; younger women wearing cottons of primitive colours and "pictchah 'ats"; brown youths, heavy-jowled and low of forehead; and little groups of children—all help to make up the audience.

For a few moments nothing occurs, but then through the trees we can see the teams approaching. They are men past the prime of life. In Hertfordshire, at any rate, the young men do

not have it their own way. Here is the Watercress King, whose massive frame and weather-beaten face suggest endurance and strength, on his right is mine host of the Spotted Jackal, on his left is Mr. Jigby, old and cunning, who holds the record innings for the district, and by his side the baker—whose soft, white hands proclaim his trade—and his assistant.

The other team have turned up their cuffs, and now stand waiting beyond the flags. The Watercress King steps up to the trap, his companions turn their eyes to the fielders, waiting expectantly to see the white ball pitch beyond the farthest man. A moment's pause, the hard click of the bat upon the lever, and a low moan of disappointment follows. The captain of the team—"tell it not in Gath"—has missed the ball.

Sadly he gives place to mine host. There is no failure this time. Swinging his body well to the stroke, he strikes the white ball hard and low among the fielders, and for fully ten minutes he holds his own, until an unfortunate miss-hit, falling within the boundary, brings his innings to an end. The spectators clap fitfully, their hands producing a disjointed sound like the distant rattling of stones shaken in a tin box. The cunning Jigby scores eleven. The baker and his assistant add to the score, and the side goes out to field with the respectable total of forty-two to its credit.

For a time the game is uneventful; the score creeps up slowly, but without startling incident. The elusive ball bounces out of Jigby's hands when an easy catch comes his way, amidst the laughter of the crowd, and the Watercress King, lumbering through the thick grass like an exhilarated elephant, slips on his face. Four men are out now, and still there are three runs wanted. The interest redoubles, the fielders, resting their hands on their knees, stand anxiously waiting; the striker, conscious of his great position, moistens his hands. Biff! He, too, has scored one, and yet a second time. The fielders are looking dejected; a third time the striker hits. Hard and low the ball flies towards the Watercress King. Will he catch it? No. His great hand closes over emptiness, and seems lost. But not yet. Jigby, standing close behind, receives it on his chest. Picking it up, he prepares to throw at the trap. The batsman stands aside contemptuously. Who is going to hit a trap a foot long from zoys?

Poising himself carefully, Jigby tosses the ball high in the air, and, to the intense surprise of everybody, it falls on the trap. With ill-concealed disgust the striker throws down his bat, and the victorious team do a little war dance of joy, for they know that the light supper will be paid for by their opponents. Here is the light supper:

Boiled Mutton.	Roast Mutton.
Boiled Beef.	
Roast Chickens.	Roast Ducks.
Plum Pudding.	
Cheese.	

FRANCIS DODSWORTH.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

**I**T has often happened during recent years that however much the weather might be disturbed beforehand, it has cleared up beautifully in September, and this year those sunny weeks have been most welcome. Northward the harvest has made great progress, although a great deal of the corn is laid and has to be hand cut, and in the South the farmer has been busy ploughing and preparing for next year's crops. There is always a thorn of some kind in the rose, however, and it is taking the shape of sinister rumours of disease in the potato crop. As the returns show a much-increased area devoted to this crop, this, if it turns out to be correct, will be a serious misfortune to many farmers. The year has really been favourable to nothing except stock, and in several places it has been possible to keep a balance on the right side only by the aid of good sheep sales.

The Board of Trade is taking such steps as will ensure that if the baker runs up the price of bread we shall be able to know in a moment how far this is justified by the condition of the flour and wheat market. Official enquiries have been made, which show that the present mean price of bread is 5d. per loaf of 4lb. in 327 towns—an average rise of one farthing since June. But the funny thing is that this rise is most unequally distributed. In 130 English towns the loaf is a halfpenny dearer, in six three farthings and a penny, and in eighty no change has taken place. British wheat in the interval has risen from 25s. 5d. to 28s. 8d. per quarter, and imported flour from 8s. 1d. to 9s. 3d. per cwt. At present it is showing a tendency to fall, and the consumer, with these facts before him, ought to see to it that the baker drops his price with some approach to the alacrity he shows in running it up.

The number of Irish labourers booked by rail and sea from Connaught for farm service in England has been larger this season than for the two preceding years. The total was 29,247, as compared with 28,440 in 1899 and 27,866 in 1898. Of this number no fewer than 21,951, or 75 per cent., hail from the county of Mayo. This is equal to 40 per cent. of the entire male population of twenty years of age and upwards. Considering the increasing extent to which self-binders are used in England, this influx affords incontrovertible evidence of the scarcity of rural labour. It also speaks volumes for the wretchedness that still prevails in County Mayo, where it is usual to hire men for 7s. a week all the year round, the only perquisites being a wretched hovel and a quantity of fuel. Many are tenants of the wretched small holdings that abound in this part of Ireland, twelve or fourteen acres of bog or waste whereon they grow the potatoes on which the people almost exclusively live, with the addition of milk from

the little cows or goats that they keep. Their other livestock is ordinarily a donkey and a few fowls. They build their own houses at a cost of about £16 each, using the stone which is plentiful in the neighbourhood, and roofing the walls with beams of wood, with peat sods wedged between them.

It is curious to note how this supply of Irish labour has fluctuated. In 1841 it was common all over Ireland, and no fewer than 58,000 came to this country, but the number greatly decreased as English farmers began to adopt machinery, and still more when wheat fell in price and the laying down of permanent pasture became common. By 1884 the number had fallen to 14,000, in 1885 to 12,000, and in 1886 to 13,000. For several years past, as the rural exodus has increased in England, the number of migratory Irish labourers has tended to grow. They are also more particular in their habits than used to be the case. Twenty years ago the farmer housed them anyhow, and they were glad enough to sleep in barns and outhouses. Now, on some farms where many are employed a kind of barracks, with sleeping and cooking quarters, has been run up, and Pat spends his summer months in unaccustomed luxury. He has grown particular about his wages, too, and does not hesitate to go on strike if he cannot obtain from "the base, bloody, and brutal" Saxon about two and a-half times as much as labour is worth in his own Emerald Isle. Nor can employers afford to quarrel with him. This year, large as the supply has been, it has not been sufficiently so, as witness the number of fields that have been left to go unweeded.

## HABITS OF GAME.—IV.

**N**OT very long ago English game preservers were startled to hear that a means had been discovered, and successfully practised in France, of artificially breeding partridges in a new manner; this it was said prevented them from getting together in large packs, as they do when ordinarily reared by hand. The successful plan was nothing more than mating the birds in single pens, to hold each but a pair of birds; in these they are said to have laid, and sat on and hatched their eggs, when they were enlarged with their young to take their chance with the wild birds. This appears strange, no doubt, to anyone who does not know that the greatest limitation of partridge and grouse preserving is the fighting of the birds, and therefore their demand for space. If it were not for this, the system would appear to be no improvement on leaving the birds out in the spring to breed at large. Nevertheless, if it can be done with half the success that has been claimed for it there will be a total revolution in partridge preservation. For then the partridge carrying power of an estate would no longer in any degree be limited by the measure of preservation of the neighbouring manors. It does not appear to be so limited even now in all cases, for the partridge preservation at the Grange not only produced unique results, but did so in a bad country. Is it possible to account for this, and yet to maintain that the preserver of partridges, in a country where they are generally scarce, is helping his neighbours quite as much as himself? I think it is. But I am not aware whether my theory fits in with the facts of this particular case. We know how driving was said to assist the stock of game when it was first practised; there was no doubt that it did so, both for grouse and partridges, but now that everybody drives grouse (at least late in the season in all the counties of England and Wales and most in Scotland), we hear much less of it as a means to a large stock of grouse. On the other hand, we know that in the deer forests they say that the best way to reduce the stock of grouse is to leave them entirely alone. This implies that the ancient pair of birds, who are so jealous of all intruders as to drive away their own children and occupy a whole hillside or corrie themselves, will, sooner or later, become barren; and that they will, nevertheless, under those circumstances keep up their jealous habits and drive away all comers in the spring, when birds are seeking secret places for nesting. If we put these two generally accepted opinions together, we see how any estate which is the first to be driven of all those in a neighbourhood may not only lose its own old birds, which would never have come to the gun in the ordinary walking up, but how the old birds may survive on the boundary. If they do so they not only drive their own young into the estate where there are few old disturbers of the peace left, but they prevent the young birds bred there from straying away. With no such good intentions they act as "sentry go" for the good keeper and the good sportsmen who have managed to kill down most of their own old birds. There may be a whole country beyond where there are thousands of good nesting-places and suitable places for partridges, but that does not matter; the danger zone has to be crossed before safety can be reached, and to anyone who has watched partridges at pairing time and after, this would seem almost an insurmountable difficulty. They are all on the watch for trespassers, and it is wonderful how they detect them, and how quickly they chase them back whence they came. I have very seldom seen partridges fight; as a rule they seem instinctively to know which is the better or stronger bird, and although they are always chasing off intruders, the latter never seem to summon up enough courage to fight for it. This perhaps explains how in a bad partridge district a preserver may sometimes succeed wonderfully. Moreover, we know that on some estates Hungarian, or at least strange, birds have been introduced and have remained on the ground where turned out and improved the stock. Does it not follow, if Hungarian or any other strangers will do this and remain where they are turned out, that home-bred birds kept in pens during the winter and turned out in the spring would remain in much larger numbers? I am very doubtful about the French plan answering when tried upon a large scale, but, on the other hand, I see no reason why an extension of the Hungarian importation plan might not be resorted to with excellent results on home-bred birds. Given a country like most of the West of England, where partridges are very thinly distributed, and although I see well enough why the ordinary systems of preservation will only go to replenish the stocks of the enemy over the border, yet I see no reason why caught-up birds should not remain at home, and breed, if they were kept in pens until March or April and then turned out. Possibly it will at once suggest itself to the game preserver that there would be no object in this unless it could be proved that partridges actually do leave their own ground in large numbers. Proof is very difficult. Simple as it would be for game preservers, if they would only act together, to solve all the problems, and so get over the difficulties of preservation, nothing of the sort has ever been attempted. We have had salmon marked, and learnt a good deal of their habits thereby; we have had turned out grouse marked, and found them in the next county; but we have never had a covey of home-bred partridges marked and sought to trace them in the next shooting season. Probably the first man who does this will cause the stop-at-home bird to lose his character for ever. The

nearest approach to anything of the sort I have heard of was four white partridges which appeared one season in a single covey. I believe they were never seen after the pairing season; but I am not very certain of this, as I forget where they were found and who recorded the circumstance. Curiously unlike the habits of some birds this search for new ground is. Even the curlew, the wildest bird in the British Islands, has been identified returning to his old quarters three consecutive years, by means of the unique white colour of a specimen. A keeper of my own found in Lincolnshire a nest of red-legged partridge's eggs. I imagine this pair of birds must have come thirty miles at least to nest. He took the eggs and hatched them under a hen. The old birds were never seen during the shooting season, so that it is just possible the keeper took the eggs from a distance, but did not say so. But although the young birds remained on the estate until the first shot was fired at them, they were never seen afterwards. That proves nothing more than the wandering habits of tame-bred red-legs, which is well known to apply to the grey hand-reared birds. But suppose there is no ordinary means of making hand-bred partridges stop at home, is it not possible to keep them penned up like young pheasants are kept penned after October and November, and until their instincts make them pair in the spring, when, instead of putting them in the laying pens like young pheasants, they would be released to take their own chances of rearing a family?

The game farmers do not admit that it is possible to get partridges to lay in confinement. I believe that it is, all the same, but the eggs bring forth chicks too weakly to live; that, at any rate, has been my own experience of bought eggs said to come from pens. If this is so, how can we expect successfully to go a step further, and induce the birds not only to lay but to sit in confinement? That consideration seems fatal to the French system proving a success. I cannot understand why eggs laid in confinement should not produce healthy chicks, except on the ground that the old penned birds do not, and cannot, get the right sort of food. What they must lack is insect life to feed upon, and, in my opinion, the patent food makers would do worse than turn their attention to the smallest first causes. The cultivation of suitable insects seems to be as necessary for the proper preservation of game as it is to the proper cultivation of fish. The latter has received hardly any attention, and the former none whatever. It is often put forward as a defence of game preservation that a certain cock pheasant which deserves canonisation had in him an enormous quantity of grubs injurious to the farmer's crops. I have forgotten the number, but I am quite sure the pheasant could have doubled it with pleasure had he been able to find the grubs. They were wireworms. I am not going to do anything so outrageous as to suggest the artificial multiplication of wireworms in order to keep partridges at home; but I do think that he who first finds out a harmless insect beloved of partridges, and teaches us how to cultivate it in the same manner we cultivate silkworms, will do a great, good turn to game preservation, and possibly also solve the problem of getting healthy eggs from partridges confined in pens.

After all, although we cannot make full use of partridges' eggs as we do of pheasants, by putting them under hens, the great difficulty of increasing a stock of partridges is the want of eggs. One of the most useful tricks of the good partridge keeper is to hunt up the nests and put all eggs cut out by the mowers or otherwise in danger into them, so as to make up the nests from twelve or fourteen to twenty eggs each. This part of keepering makes a vast difference on any estate, but it has its limitations; one of these is the difficulty of coming by enough eggs honestly. But even if the egg difficulty were solved, that would only go halfway towards the highest conceivable preservation of the partridge, the bird which, of right, has earned the title of the farmers' friend.

ARGUS OLIVE.



A BLACK VIPER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Herewith I send you a specimen of a viper I shot yesterday, 13th inst., in Petting's Wood, Ash, near Wrotham, Kent. It was about 27in. long, and when opened by the keeper contained a full-grown mouse. It is jet black, both on the back and underneath, in fact, all over. Is not this a very uncommon colour? I have never seen one black before. I had to shoot its head off to avoid blowing it all to pieces.—JOHN SCRATTON, JUN.

### CLASSIFYING VARIOUS ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you possibly tell me under what group you would place the following roses: A Fleur Pleines, A Fleur Rosæ, Mutabilis, Olivet, Pomifera, or apple rose, Pissardi, Rubrifolia, Wichuriana, Macrantha? To what country do they belong, and what is their history? Also do you know a remedy for a disease which attacks rose leaves, and made by an insect entitled Phragmidium subcorticium, a fungus?—M. C. HAMPTON.

Name.	Class.	Country.
Mutabilis Altissima	Rosa centifolia	Garden hybrid.
Pomifera	Allied to R. alba	Europe.
Pissardi	Hybrid musk	Probably Southern Europe.
Rubrifolia	Known as R. ferruginea	Mountains of Europe.
Wichuriana	Allied to Rosa multiflora	China and Japan.
Macrantha	Allied to R. gallica	Garden hybrid.

The other varieties we are not acquainted with. Phragmidium mucronatum is the autumn or resting spore condition of orange fungus. You will find an interesting history of the various stages of orange fungus, by Mr. Worthington G. Smith, in "The Rosarian's Year Book" for 1887. In speaking of the Phragmidium, Mr. Smith says, "It is essentially the resting spore condition of the fungus, and it is by the black Phragmidium, which rests in decaying rose leaves and stems all through winter, that the Lecythia and Coleosporium stages are

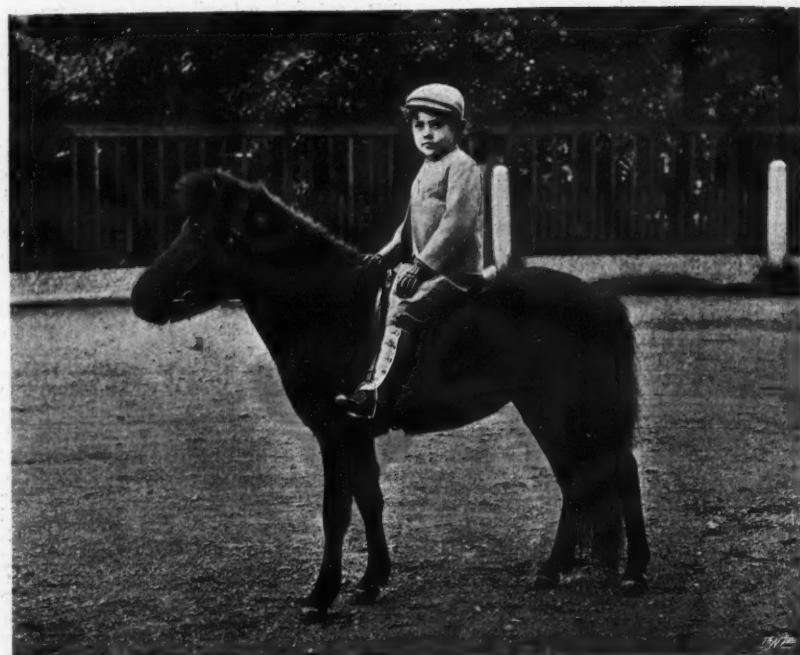
reproduced each summer. Where orange fungus has been troublesome, all loose material, also as much of the earth as possible, should be taken off and burnt. At the same time give a good dressing of quicklime. Of course, the burnt soil can be returned to the roses." Mr. G. Baker, late vice-president of the National Rose Society, advises that, "At pruning-time carefully collect everything cut from the plants and destroy it, then give the plants—stems and branches, stakes and ties, if any—a good coating of the following mixture, applied with a suitable brush: Quicklime and soot mixed to the consistency of paint, in a pailful of which add half a pound of sublimated sulphur and a small handful of coarse salt; stir, and mix well together before applying, the object being to destroy the resting spores of the troublesome fungus."—ED.]

#### A GARDEN ON CHALKY SOIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very grateful if you would give me your valuable advice as to the kind of trees (fruit or otherwise) that would do well in a soil such as this is (chalky); also as regards shrubs, flowering or otherwise, which would grow well. If you have any suggestions to offer as regards the laying out of the ground in a more advantageous way, either regarding what has already been done or what is proposed to be done, I should be most grateful. Any information as regards suitable flowers, creepers, etc., would be most acceptable.—H. A., Marlborough.

[Chalk is excellent when applied to soils very rich in animal manure, but is bad when the staple consists almost wholly of it. It is remarkable how slight a depth of ordinary soil resting upon a gravel formation will support vegetable life, and we have seen lime trees flourishing in what appeared to be nothing but chalk, only this had been well broken up, so that the roots doubtless received much assistance from water and air. We fear you will need to replace some of the chalk with more fertile soil before you can grow with success such fruit as pears, plums, cherries, and apples. They do not require such a great depth if you obtain them on the dwarfing stocks, such as the paradise for apples and the quince for pears. If some holes were made about 2ft. wide and 2ft. deep and filled up with garden soil that is not so chalky you could plant the fruits named upon the north wall. In like manner you might dispose of some bush apples in the kitchen garden. Gooseberries and currants would suffice if smaller holes were made for them. You had better not attempt strawberries, unless you can make up a bed of good clayey loam for them. A good plan would be for you to visit surrounding gardens, or the forest close by, in the company of a local gardener, and find out the names of trees and shrubs that are growing under similar conditions to your garden. We think that with a slight improvement of the soil you would succeed with—as trees—such things as limes, laburnums, the ornamental crab, almonds, thorns, golden elm, variegated maple, mountain ash, snowy mespilus, poplars, etc. Some of these would look well interspersed by the high hedge near the road. Low shrubs, such as hypericums, lilacs, deutzias, philadelphus, Cotoneaster Simonsi, laurustinus, berberis, brooms, dogwood, Forsythias, tree ivy, phillyrea, Osmanthus, snowberry, ribes, spiræas, and weigelas would be suitable for a plantation near the lawns on the western side of your house. If you plant these, do not crowd them. Give every bush and tree plenty of space to develop its natural beauty. On the boarded fence facing north currants and gooseberries would do well, or some of the hardy half-climbing roses. A good border skirting the plot of ground by the dwelling-house that is let would be a suitable place for some of the showy herbaceous plants, only here, again, it would be necessary to add some better soil. The fine tribe of perennial sunflowers, Michaelmas daisies, ox-eye daisies, gaillardias, sea lavender, achilleas, aquilegias, campanulas,



Reiff. Jumbo goes well in harness, and I hope to drive him at Brighton this season. With my best wishes, believe me, your little friend,—FREDERICK LEYCESTER BARWELL.

#### CROQUET BOWLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At this season of the year, when garden parties are in full swing, hostesses must often find themselves in a difficulty as to the means of entertaining their guests. Lawn tennis is an excellent game for the young and active, but it requires a large lawn and only four can play at a time. Croquet again only occupies four players, and a good match practically takes a whole afternoon. Lawn bowls is a first-rate game for the older men, and will take in eight players with one ball each. But ladies object to it because there is much stooping, the bowls are heavy, and—especially if the lawn is near a smoky town—handling them is detrimental to hands and gloves. The game I have to suggest meets all these objections. It is, in short, bowls played with croquet balls and mallets. All the apparatus wanted is eight croquet balls, one ball as "Jack," and four mallets. The number of players is from two with two balls to eight with one ball each. The rules are those of bowls. The Jack is started by the first player from any part of the lawn, and sent to any distance he pleases, a coin being put on the ground to mark the playing point; on this each player places one foot when he plays. The player strikes his ball with the mallet, aiming at the Jack with the object of getting as near as possible to it; the players on each side play alternately. When all the balls used are played, each ball of that side which is nearer to the Jack than any ball of the other side counts one to the score of that side. No ball counts that is not within an agreed measure—a stick, say, 4ft. long—of the Jack. The Jack is now started afresh by the player whose ball was nearest to the Jack, from about the point where the latter rested. The side which scores eleven first wins; if it be desired to shorten the game, any lesser number can be fixed. The game has these advantages in addition to those already mentioned: It can be played on any lawn, large or small, and can be confidently recommended to those whose tempers are too short for croquet, like that of yours truly,—SENEX.

P.S.—A closely-contested game of eleven up with eight balls takes about half-an-hour, which is therefore the maximum time. It is probably no exaggeration to say that forty different people could play a full game of bowls on the same lawn in the same time that four could play a set of croquet; besides, two or three sets of bowls can be played simultaneously on the same lawn, if not a very small one.

#### MACHINERY AND LABOUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a sequel to your interesting description of the manner in which machinery is now being substituted for hand labour on the farm, you might like to publish the enclosed photograph of a modern stackyard. The elevator requires some care in the working to prevent the corn from being beaten out, but it saves a great deal of work, and as a farmer I can tell you my labour bill is the heaviest I have to meet. I reckon on saving about thirty per cent. on harvest wages by using the self-binder and the elevator. Besides, the men are so unwilling to do hard work that I always like to use horse-flesh when I can.—E. F. R.

#### VILLAGE RIFLE RANGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me their experience in making village rifle ranges? Mr. Baillie Grohman recently gave in your columns some instructions as to how to make cheap targets. But my experience is that in most villages the men are keen to learn how to shoot, but that they get no chance, because no one has been able to find them a range. At Debenham, a small town in Suffolk, remote from railways, and on ground with no natural banks or hillsides, a sensible resident had granted the use of a sand-pit, dug out of a sloping field, for a Morris-tube range. It answered well.—SUFFOLK.

#### A YOUNG EQUESTRIAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—My daddy is writing this for me; I enclose photograph of my pony Jumbo, who is three years old and 38in. high. I am only five years old, but can ride Jumbo at a gallop, and daddy thinks I am another Johnny



coreopsis, germs, lychnis, etc., make a glorious show, and provide plenty of blossom to cut for decoration. The remainder of this plot would look well laid down with grass, with beds cut out for tea roses, also other beds of plants, such as phloxes, cannas, etc. Here it would be absolutely necessary to provide quite 2ft. of good soil with a liberal admixture of cow manure. A few good creepers are clematis, honeysuckle, ampelopsis, periploca, wistarias, variegated and green ivies; free-growing tea roses, Ayrshire and other rambler roses, and pyracanthus.—ED.]

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